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ENGLISH VERSE

FOR

INDIAN READERS

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS BY

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TO
THE INDIAN STUDENT,
THAT, THROUGH THE DISCIPLINE OF A HARD LANGUAGE,
HE MAY ATTAIN IN THE END TO SOME APPRECIATION
OF
THE BEAUTY AND MAJESTY
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are some modern theorists on education that argue the inexpediency of introducing English verse to Indian students. It has been maintained that the demands made by poetry upon language so twist words from their ordinarily accepted meaning, and create phrases of such pregnant brevity, that to present the vocabulary and style of the poets to the alien learner of simple prose is merely to lead him astray. The contention cannot be altogether denied. It may be asserted, however, that it has arisen in part owing to the type of English verse that has been thrust upon the Indian student. Anthologies designed solely for English readers have certain defects from the point of view of those concerned with the guidance of young Indians. These defects may be summarised as follows:—

1. *An Excess of Lyrical Poetry.* To introduce the Indian student to English poetry by presenting its subtlest harmonies, its most involved measures, its most delicate uses of language, and all the undefinable qualities of sentiment and expression that haunt the lyric mood, is indubitably a wrong method.

2. *Archaic or Dialect Forms.* It will be agreed that to the young learner of any language all such

difficulties are unfair and unnecessary. It is unreasonable to present boys at a stage of study preparatory to the University with the archaic forms of Spenser, and with such remnants of the North English dialect as survive in the work of the Scottish poet, Burns.

3. *The Absence of Chronological Order.* As a rule modern anthologies are designed not for the learner, but for the lover, of poetry. To the latter the order of presentation of each poem matters little. To the former this order is vital, in so far as he attempts to construct some chronological outline of English poetry from the anthology put into his hand. It is reasonable to inculcate, along with a knowledge of the English language, some simple notion of the ordered progress of English literature; and this cannot be found in any work that neglects the main chronological periods, or divisions, into which English literature naturally falls.

4. *The Matter of the Poems.* It cannot be denied that, in very many instances, the material of the poems presented to Indian students is unsuitable. Without an intimate knowledge of English life, and without a profound understanding of English thought, much of our best poetry is incomprehensible. This incomprehensibility is peculiarly connected with lyric verse in its passionate and intense expression of the emotion of love, and with such poems as deal with the intimacies of religious faith. This point scarcely demands elaboration; but as a concrete instance it may be stated that, for the purposes of the young Indian student, Southey's "Thoughts in a

Library" is a suitable poem, while "The Blessed Damozel" of Rossetti is not.

The immediate problem of the teacher is to find some collection of English poetry that will not hinder him in securing two definite results for his students: the first is the acquisition of a simple prose style, and the second is some introduction to the advanced study of English literature. The first may be described as the need of all Indian students; and the second as the luxury of the selected few. The solution of this problem has been attempted in this volume in the following ways:—

1. The difficulties found in many anthologies now used in Indian schools have been avoided. These have been already pointed out as excessive lyricism, the presence of archaic forms, the absence of chronological arrangement, and the unsuitability of the subject matter.

2. That type of verse in which the language used does not differ materially from that of prose has been given prominence and has been abundantly provided. The study of this verse will strengthen, and not derange, the vocabulary of the learner: it will expand and not confuse his knowledge of idiom; and if he learns it by heart, his pronunciation will be improved, and he will be provided with a useful store of simple yet expressive language containing ideas that will extend his knowledge of life and men. There is much of this kind of poetry in English. It came to perfection of form in the seventeenth century, and it was the habit of the eighteenth. In various metrical forms it may be found in almost any period, and in a great many

writers, during and after the time of Dryden. It has many themes, and it is always clear, direct, and arresting in its simplicity. The careful study of this verse will solve the first part of the teacher's problem, which is the inculcation of a simple vocabulary and of a simple prose style.

3. The poetry selected has been carefully considered as regards subject and form. Didactic and narrative verse there is in plenty. Historical and patriotic themes have been given prominence; and, whenever suitable, poetry that deals with India, or the East in general, has been provided. Lyrical poetry has not been excluded; but care has been taken to select such lyrics as are likely to make some direct appeal to the imagination of young Indian readers. As the student progresses, he will acquire some elementary knowledge of prosody. Illustrations will be found throughout of the main English metrical forms: but it has not been considered expedient to give this purely technical matter undue prominence. Nearly all the best known metrical forms have been illustrated; but no single poem, in itself considered unsuitable, has been inserted for the sake of prosody. It is hoped that the range of poetry presented, and the relative difficulty of the selections, will provide an adequate introduction to the maturer study of English literature.

Having attempted to make clear the object of this book, some explanation of its arrangement is desirable. The poems are grouped round the great central names of English poetry, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. These names mark and define certain main periods

with distinct characteristics of their own. But for convenient arrangement they may be taken in three groups of two. Each group covers roughly a century of English poetry. No attempt has been made to illustrate the periods before Shakespeare. In the prefatory essays an attempt has been made, on very simple lines, to give an outline history of English poetry from Chaucer up to the present time. To do this with any detail is of course impossible ; but some clear, if limited, idea of the progress of English poetry will be of service alike to the teacher and to the student. Literary criticism has been avoided : but some description has been given of the characteristics of each of the three periods of poetry into which this book has been divided. Whenever possible, reference has been made to contemporary Indian history in order to assist the student in locating the main periods of English literature. This will enable the teacher and the student to read with an enlarged outlook, and with a certain amount of mental comfort

It is hoped that this work will be found of special use to teachers. For this reason provision has been made of notes, indices, and chronological tables. Mainly for the benefit of the teacher some explanations have been added of the verse forms to be found throughout ; and advice has been given on the order in which each period, and its poems, should be studied. For the sake of chronological sequence the periods begin with that of Shakespeare and end with that of Wordsworth : but there is no reason why the young student should follow this order. He would be better advised to begin with the period of Dryden and Pope, and to leave

that of Wordsworth and Shakespeare to the end.

Finally, this volume is designed to appeal beyond the schoolroom to the increasing number of educated Indian readers who find themselves at home in the literature both of the East and the West. For such, a handy collection of verse will be useful ; and it is hoped that the chronological arrangement of this volume will help to retain their appreciation of the ordered beauty of three centuries of English poetry.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST POETS.

CHAUCE (1340-1400).

The welder of English speech and the first great master of English verse : the romantic storyteller of the late middle ages.

SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

The greatest of the world's poets : England's best dramatist : the literary ornament of the Renaissance.

MILTON (1608-1674).

The greatest of England's Epic poets.

DRYDEN (1631-1700).

The maker of modern English prose and the refiner of English verse : a great satirist.

POPE (1688-1744).

The most polished poet of the Augustan age : a famous writer of didactic verse and of satire.

WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

The leading poet of the romantic revival : a lover and describer of nature : a teacher of simplicity in poetry.

TENNYSON (1809-1892).

The greatest poet of modern England and of Queen Victoria's reign : an exquisite artist in verse and a deep student of the thought of his time.

FIRST BOOK.

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO MILTON.

THE period from which the poems of this section have been selected corresponds to that in Indian history beginning with the reign of Akbar and ending with the death of Shah Jehan. It is well for Indian students to remember that the great Akbar was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth of England; and that, while India was laying the foundations of the strength and splendour of the Mogul empire, England was forging her way to the foremost place amongst the nations of Europe.

Great events took place in the second half of the sixteenth century. At that time the English defeated the Spaniards, the most powerful of the European nations, and became masters of the sea. They shared in the enlightenment of the New Learning which, spreading through the whole of Europe, had brought to the knowledge of scholars the beauty of Greek and Roman literature. Englishmen had gone forth to the discovery of new lands; and the influence of England was being felt by all the great nations of the world. At no period in the history of England or of Europe had there been so many distinguished princes, statesmen, soldiers, sailors, thinkers, and poets. At this time William Shakespeare, the greatest of English poets and probably the greatest poet of any time and country, was born.

Splendid as was the genius of Shakespeare, he could not have written his works had not others gone before him. It is necessary to remember something of the past of English literature before the great period of Queen Elizabeth. Chaucer, who is really the first great English poet, died nearly two hundred years before Shakespeare was born. He did one great service for literature in setting up a standard of refined English that became the speech of the court and the language of literary men. After Chaucer's death there were two hundred years of English history and literature before Shakespeare wrote his most famous dramas. For the young Indian student it is unnecessary to know the writers of this long period. Their language would puzzle him. Indeed the language of Chaucer is understood with difficulty even by educated Englishmen of the present time. But towards the middle of the sixteenth century our language became very like the modern speech of our own day. Just before Shakespeare began to write, there were many clever men in England who made it their business to study their mother tongue, and to learn the best method of using it for poetry. These men were scholars, some of whom, like the young poet Marlowe, had genius. They were influenced by the New Learning which had spread throughout Europe, and they were enthusiastic students of poetry. When Shakespeare began to write, he had the advantage of knowing the works of these men. To them he was indebted for his knowledge of blank verse with its unrhymed, five measured line so common in English poetry. From them also he learned the method of constructing a play. With

great rapidity Shakespeare became the foremost writer of his age; and around him were gathered many poets who contributed to the renown of Elizabethan England.

It is impossible to name more than the very greatest of these writers and the most important kinds of their work. First of all came the dramatists, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson. These men wrote for the theatre. All Indian boys are familiar with theatres and plays. Stories from the great epics and from the history of India are put into the form of plays, or dramas, and are acted by men and women. These spectacles are popular, and people crowd to see the representation of the famous deeds and legends of their land. Now the theatre of Queen Elizabeth's time was like the theatre of modern India. The building was very simple, and the play dealt with the deeds of men famous in history or romance. As we know, the England of that time was in love with great deeds and great men. It was an age of heroes; and Shakespeare took as the subjects of his plays the famous people of the past whom all the Western world had read about and admired. Some of the characters of his plays are Macbeth, King Henry the Fifth, Julius Cæsar, and Cleopatra. Marlowe wrote one play about Timur or Tamerlane, who is known to all readers of Indian history. In such works as these are found the best specimens of the poetry of the time. But there were other kinds of literature. Edmund Spenser wrote a long romance in verse called the "Fairy Queen," which, like the dramas of his day, dealt with great heroes and great deeds, and at the same time gave praise to the

Queen of England. There were many prose writers who produced beautiful and fantastic stories to delight the people : and there were many writers of songs. These songs are often found in the dramas : and many were written to be set to music and sung. At this time also the English Bible was translated in pure and simple language for the people. This was done finally in the year 1611 : and it is a very important fact to remember. England had now in the Bible a standard of language and of literary style that not only influenced the writers of that period but has continued to influence men of letters ever since.

After Shakespeare's death in 1616 the work of producing dramas for the English theatre was carried on vigorously by a great many writers, until in 1642, when the Civil War broke out, the theatres were closed. The great age of Elizabeth had now passed away ; and the political life of the country had become dangerously disturbed. But the beautiful poetry of Shakespeare and his friends continued to influence the writers of the seventeenth century, the most famous of whom was John Milton. This great poet and scholar was born in 1608 : and, as a child, he may have seen Shakespeare in the London streets. Before the outbreak of the Civil War he wrote many short poems of great beauty ; and then he became a servant of the State until his old age. For twenty years he was busy defending England in his prose writings. When a time of leisure came to him, he produced his most famous work, an epic poem called "Paradise Lost." All Indian students are familiar with the tales of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the oldest epics of

the world. These deal with the history, the legends, and the religion of the Indian peoples. They are very long poems and have a dignity and beauty that all scholars admire. The epics of the ancient Western world are the *Iliad* of Homer and the *Æneid* of Virgil. When the New Learning had spread throughout Europe, and the literature of Greece and Rome had become known to scholars, these works became models of literary style. Poets were ambitious of imitating the work of Homer and Virgil. Epic poems were produced in Italy, in France, and in England; and the epic of England is the *Paradise Lost* of John Milton. It has for its subject the main facts of the Christian religion; and of its kind it is the greatest work in the English language.

With Milton the literary period that began in the time of Shakespeare may be said to have come to a close. It is a long period of nearly one hundred years; and it contains much of the finest of England's poetry.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1564-1593.

1.

TAMBURLAINE'S CONQUESTS. (1).

But I perceive my martial strength is spent ;
In vain I strive and rail against those powers
That mean to invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map ; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.
Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
Then marched I into Egypt and Arabia ;
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.
From thence to Nubia near Borno-lake,
And so along the Æthiopian sea,
Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn,
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.
Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence

To Asia, where I stay against my will ;
 Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
 Backward and forwards near five thousand leagues.
 Look here, my boys ; see, what a world of ground
 Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line
 Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
 Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
 Begins the day with our Antipodes !
 And shall I die, and this unconquered ?
 Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
 Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
 More worth than Asia and the world beside ;
 And from the Antarctic Pole eastward behold
 As much more land, which never was descried,
 Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
 As all the lamps that beautify the sky !
 And shall I die, and this unconquered ?

2.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

1545-1607.

3.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind ;
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory.
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye :
 To none of these I yield as thrall ;
 For why ? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear ;
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice ;
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies ;
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
 I little have, and seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store ;
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly waves 'my mind' can toss ;
 My state at one doth still remain ;
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
 Their treasure is their only trust ;
 A cloaked craft their store of skill :
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clear my choice defence ;
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence ;
 Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
 Would all did so as well as I !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

4.

SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?—
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

5.

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live in the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

6.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover ;
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard (2)
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice ;
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

7.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

8.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

9.

TIME'S INGRATITUDE.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude.
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way :
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was !
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past :
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

10

FAIRY SONGS.

I.

Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier, (3)
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander everywhere,
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green :
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be :
 In their gold coats spots you see,
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours.

II.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby :
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh :
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here :
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby !
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh :
 So, good-night, with lullaby.

III.

Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon ;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide ;
 And we fairies, that do run
 By the triple Hecate's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic ; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house ;
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door,

11.

HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR. (4)

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument ;
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry " God for Harry, England, and Saint George ! "

A DIRGE. (5)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages :
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone ;
 Fear nor slander, censure rash :
 Thou hast finished joy and moan ;
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee and come to dust

No exorciser harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee !
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be : that is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ; (6)
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come.
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

14.

APHORISMS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

1.

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to over-peer.

—"Coriolanus."

2.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—"Julius Cæsar."

3.

This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—"Hamlet."

4.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

—"Hamlet."

5.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation. That away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 —“ Richard II.”

6.

Cowards die many times before their death ;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 ---“ Julius Cæsar.”

15.

ON ENGLAND.

This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.

.
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, (7)
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress, built by nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

1584-1616.

16.

**ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY. (8)**

Mortality, behold and fear !
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones :
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands :
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach, " In greatness is no trust."
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royall'st seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin :
 Here the bones of birth have cried—
 " Though gods they were, as men they died."
 Here are sands, ignoble things.
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings ;
 Here's a world of pomp and state,
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

JOHN FLETCHER.

1579-1625.

17.

COUNTRY SCENES.

See the day begins to break,
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold
 While the morning doth unfold ;

Now the birds begin to rouse,
 And the squirrel from the boughs
 Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;
 The early lark, that erst was mute
 Carols to the rising day
 Many a note and many a lay.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep—
 See the blushing morn doth peep
 Through the windows, while the sun
 To the mountain-tops is run,
 Gilding all the vales below
 With his rising flames, which grow
 Greater by this climbing still.—
 Up! ye lazy swains! and fill (9)
 Bag and bottle for the field ;
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
 To the bitter north-east wind.
 Call the maidens up, and find
 Who lies longest, that she may
 Be chidden for untimed delay.
 Feed your faithful dogs, and pray
 Heaven to keep you from decay ;
 So unfold, and then away.

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
 Fold your flocks up ; for the air
 'Gins to thicken, and the sun
 Already his great course hath run.
 See the dew-drops how they kiss
 Every little flower that is ;
 Hanging on their velvet heads,
 Like a rope of crystal beads.
 See the heavy clouds low falling,

And bright Hesperus down calling
 The dead Night from underground ;
 At whose rising, mists unsound,
 Damps and vapours, fly apace,
 Hovering o'er the wanton face
 Of these pastures, where they come
 Striking dead both bud and bloom :
 Therefore from such danger lock
 Every one his lovèd flock ;
 And let your dogs lie loose without,
 Lest the wolf come as a scout
 From the mountain, and ere day
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;
 Or the crafty, thievish fox
 Break upon your simple flocks.
 To secure yourself from these
 Be not too secure in ease ;
 So shall you good shepherds prove,
 And deserve your master's love.
 Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers
 And soft silence fall in numbers.
 On your eye-lids ! so farewell ;
 —Thus I end my evening's knell.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568-1639.

18.

ON THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light ;
 You common people of the skies ; (10)
 What are you when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your voices understood
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise,
 When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year.
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the rose is blown ?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me if she were not designed
 The eclipse and glory of her kind ?

19.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1593-1633.

20.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night :
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave.
And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives.

BEN JONSON.

1572-1637.

21.

TO DIANA.

SONG OF HESPERUS.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made (11)
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver :
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe how short soever ;
 , Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

22.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine

The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup. (12)
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be ;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows, and smells. I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

23.

TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light !
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605-1654.

24.

THE TEACHING OF THE STARS.

When I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere :
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ; (13)

My soul her wings doth spread.
 And heaven-ward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character,
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
 We shall discern
 In it as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
 That far-stretched power
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,
 Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest north
 Some nation may
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
 With hills of ice,
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
 For as yourselves your empires fall,
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
 The fallacy of our desires
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
 The world had birth ;
 And found sin in itself accursed,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618-1667.

25.

A WISH.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone ;

The unknown are better than ill known :

Rumour can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace ; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field. (14)

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he, that runs it well, runs twice his race,

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear. nor wish. my fate ;

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day.

EDMUND WALLER.

1606-1687.

26.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose, ,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 Who are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591-1674.

27.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not yet past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight.
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
 Merely to show your worth.
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave :
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628-1688.

28.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY'S SONG.

He that is down needs fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

"I am content with what I have,
 Little be it, or much :
 And Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage :
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

JOHN MILTON.

1608-1674.

29.

**ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.**

1631.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth. (15)
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Than some more timely-happy spirits endueth.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Towards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

30.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide, (15)
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account lest He returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

31.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung; (16)
 Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

* * * * * *

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train.

* * * * * *

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 On to their blissful bower. It was place
 Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
 All things to Man's delightful use. The roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and
 wrought
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Bordered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem.

32.

THE FIRST MAN SPEAKS,

For man to tell how human life began
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
 * * * * * * *
 * * As new waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.*
 Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned
 And gazed a while the ample sky ; till, raised (17)
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet ; about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
 Creatures that lived, and moved, and walked, or flew,

Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled ;
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
 Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led :
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not ; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
 My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I. "fair light.
 And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?
 Not of myself ; by some great Maker, then,
 In goodness and in power pre-eminent ;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore.
 From whom I have that thus I move and live.
 And feel that I am happier than I know ?"
 While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none returned.
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
 Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seized
 My drowsied sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then ~~was~~ passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve ;
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently moved
 My fancy to believe I yet, had being,
 And lived : One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam ; rise,
 First man, of men innumerable ordained
 First father ! called by thee, I come thy guide

To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.”
 So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,
 And over fields, and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain
 A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
 Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadowed: here had new begun
 My wandering, had not he who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appeared,
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell.

33.

FROM PARADISE REGAINED.

“ For now the Parthian king (18)
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike master they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.”
 He looked, and saw what numbers numberless

The city gates out-poured, light armèd troops
 In coats of mail and military pride ;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prancing their riders bore, flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound ;
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn,
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots or elephants indorsed with towers
 Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain,
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596-1666.

34.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

SECOND BOOK.

FROM DRYDEN TO POPE.

WE have already seen how, in the time of Milton, England passed through a period of serious political trouble. Civil War broke out in 1642. The King of England, Charles the First, was executed in 1649: and the government became a republic. But in 1660 Charles the Second was welcomed back from exile in France; and a king once more reigned in England, surrounding himself with all the pleasure and elegance of a brilliant and witty court.

These changes led men to think of politics and religion and of the many problems of government. On all these subjects serious works in prose were written. In addition the people, especially the people of London, were happy in the restoration of their sovereign, and demanded the amusement of the theatre. In this way there was developed in the latter portion of the seventeenth century a literature that contained witty dramatic works, and a type of poetry that took for subject the prominent individuals in the political life of the time, and the chief changes in religion and in government. In the witty verse then written, famous men were held up to ridicule; and contempt was poured upon whatever religious or political changes happened to displease the writer or the party to which the writer belonged. Poetry of this kind

is known as satire. And the first great satirist of England was the poet Dryden.

In the work of this writer all the literary life of the time was illustrated. Dryden amused the brilliant court of Charles the Second by his dramas, many of which were written in rhyming verse. One of his plays had as subject Aurengzeb, the Mogul Emperor, about whom the French doctor, Bernier, had written. The latter's narrative was translated into English, and was used by Dryden in the composition of his play, "The Great Mogul." He also wrote two famous satiric poems upon some of the statesmen of the time; and in another poem of the same type he ridiculed the poets who did not belong to his own political party. Religion at this time in England was a subject of great interest and importance. In very clever and beautiful verse Dryden defended at one time the Church of England, and at another the Church of Rome. It is difficult for Indian students to read such poetry as this without a clear understanding of the life of England when Dryden was alive; but in all the works of Dryden and of his contemporaries there are passages of great beauty and simplicity that are models of a pure English style, and, as such, demand careful attention. While Dryden was amusing the brilliant English court and satirising his political enemies, he was doing at the same time a great service for English literature. Both in prose and in verse he was a master of literary style; and in his writings the younger poets of the succeeding age found their best models.

Dryden's death in 1700 came with the close of the seventeenth century. This is the greatest

period in the history of English literature. At the beginning of this period came Shakespeare, our greatest dramatic poet, in the middle wrote Milton, our greatest epic poet, and at the close came Dryden, our greatest master of satire. The political history of this century is also of importance. Civil War had taken place in England, and men were compelled to decide whether they would be ruled as subjects of a king or as citizens of a republic. Politics and religion had given food for thought to the best minds of the age; and throughout the next century these subjects were to continue to be of absorbing interest. For this reason the same type of literature as we find illustrated in the works of Dryden continued to exist in the eighteenth century which opens with the reign of Queen Anne.

This was a brilliant period in the social and political life of England. London was the centre of fashion, and the rivalry of various political parties gave encouragement to clever and ambitious writers. Satiric verse was in great demand; and as men were interested in religion and philosophy, these subjects were chosen by poets and brilliantly discussed in verse. The greatest writer of the time was Alexander Pope. He wrote a brilliant satire called the "Dunciad" against all the poets of his time who neglected their art and aided one or other political party as paid servants. In the "Rape of the Lock" he described the life of the court and the town in polished and satiric verse. Another work of his, called the "Essay on Man," discussed the philosophic opinions of the day. This was the type of poetry most admired by the

educated men of the early eighteenth century; and the style of Pope was so vigorous and polished that he was at once recognised as the most popular writer of his time. He took the greatest care to produce verse both accurate and brilliant, and to express witty thoughts in a clear, pointed, and memorable way. He was a true artist, and continued throughout his life to serve his own particular art with fidelity and love. His verse is known to every educated Englishman, and is continually quoted when a witty and pointed epigram is required.

The chief prose writers of Pope's time were Swift and Addison. The first was a satirist: and many young students in India know his work called "*Gulliver's Travels*." This is a terrible satire upon mankind; but the story is so delicately and cleverly told that it may be read almost as a fairy tale. The second writer, Addison, became a master of simple English, and has continued to delight the world with his pleasant and witty essays. He started two periodicals, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, in which he described the life and opinions of the educated men of his time. In this way literature was encouraged throughout the country, as Addison's writings appeared at regular intervals and were sent from London to the remoter parts of England. The essays of Addison did more than amuse his readers. They set up a standard of pure and simple English prose that became a model for later writers of the eighteenth century. How useful this achievement was, is shown in the abundance of excellent prose writing that was produced after Addison's time. It was

in the middle of the eighteenth century that the great English journals came into existence ; and at the same time the novel began to take the form with which we are now familiar. No kind of literature has had a greater influence upon life than the novel. The greatest novel writers of the first part of the eighteenth century were Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. These men had true genius and have given pictures of the life and manners of their time that will never be forgotten by Englishmen. In addition to these names there are others more familiar. Most young students have heard of Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote an exquisite and simple story called the " Vicar of Wakefield." This work was produced in 1766 ; and before the end of the eighteenth century, many other novelists arose who prepared the way for such men of genius as Sir Walter Scott, who belongs to the succeeding period. In addition to the novelists there were writers of prose who studied the history, the philosophy, and the literature of their age. The greatest of these were Edmund Burke and Samuel Johnson. The first discussed the French Revolution, and is known to all Indian students by the part he took in the trial of Warren Hastings. The second gave to Englishmen their first great dictionary, and a history of the lives of the English poets up to his own time.

Pope was supreme as the poet of his day ; and many writers of verse imitated him before and after his death. It is impossible to name all these authors. They cover nearly one hundred years of English literature until, with the close of the eighteenth century, a new school of poets arose.

Many of the prose writers of the time were also poets. Addison was a distinguished writer of verse; and Goldsmith and Johnson wrote memorable poetry. Of all the writers of verse after Pope's death perhaps the most famous is William Cowper. He had been to school with Warren Hastings; but his career was destined to be far different from that of the great Indian statesman. He was a lover of the country, and lived in a quiet rural district of England far removed from the busy and fashionable life of London. He began his career as a satirist: but his greatest work is the "Task," in which he describes his life in the country, and writes pleasantly about the beauty of English scenery, the joys of retirement, and the religious and social questions of his day. He died in 1800; and with his death one great century of English literature may be said to close.

But the eighteenth century was distinguished for other than literary reasons. At this time England was establishing her position among the nations of the world, and laying the foundations of her Empire. This period is of great interest to all Indian students. It was in the reign of Queen Anne, in 1702, that the United East India Company was formed. In 1744, the year of Pope's death, Robert Clive came to India as a writer in the Company's service. In 1785, the year of the publication of Cowper's "Task," Warren Hastings resigned his post and left Calcutta. In the life and work of these great statesmen the fate of India was bound up. Their lives were passed in other than literary surroundings; but they were the children of an age that produced great statesmen,

thinkers, and poets. At the time of Cowper's death in 1800 changes had begun in the history of Europe, and men's thoughts were moving in new channels. Revolution, disorder, and war were at hand; and we shall see later how these events moulded the literature of England

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631-1700.

35.

REASON AND RELIGION.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul ; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

36.

SHAFTESBURY. (1)

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst ;
For close designs and crooked councils fit ;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace ;
A fiery soul which, working out its way,

Fretted the pigmy body to decay
 And o'erinformed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storm ; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.

* * * * * *

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

37.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DUKE OF MON- MOUTH. (2)

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
 Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
 Thy longing country's darling and desire,
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire ;
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shows the promised land ;
 Whose dawning day in every distant age
 Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage :
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream ;

Thee saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess.
 And never satisfied with seeing, bless :
 Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim.
 And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name :
 How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days.
 Like one of virtue's fools that feeds on praise ;
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight :
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
 Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree :
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate ;
 Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
 (For human good depends on human will),
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent.
 And from the first impression takes the bent :
 But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dared when fortune called him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage.
 But shun the example of declining age ;
 Behold him setting in his western skies.
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
 He is not now as when on Jordan's sand
 The joyful people thronged to see him land.
 Covering the beach and blackening all the strand.

38.

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, privileged above the rest
 Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
 Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting cold ;
 Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
 From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
 Endued with particles of soul divine :
 This merry chorister had long possessed
 Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest,
 Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
 And time turned up the wrong side of the year ;
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow :
 Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
 Which by instinct or prophecy she knew ;
 When prudence warned her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better heaven and warmer climes.
 Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,
 And, called in common council, vote a flight.
 The day was named, the next that should be fair ;
 All to the general rendezvous repair ;
 They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves
in air.

* * * * *

Who but the swallow now triumphs alone ?
 The canopy of heaven is all her own :
 Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
 And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,
 And stoop on rivers to refresh their wings.

39.

ON LIFE. (3)

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
 Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit.
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
 To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
 Lies worse ; and while it says we shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
 Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
 And from the dregs of life think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.
 I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
 —'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ;
 It pays our hopes with something still that's new ;
 Each day's a pleasure unenjoyed before ;
 Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more.
 Did you but know what joys your way attend,
 You would not hurry to your journey's end.

40.

ON MILTON. (4)

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in, both the last.
 The force of Nature could no farther go ;
 To make a third, she joined the former two.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688-1744.

41.

THE QUIET LIFE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away.
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die, „
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

42.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MAN.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day. (5)
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall :
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled.
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher death, and God adore
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be blest

43.

POPE ON ADDISON. (6)

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend.
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

44.

FROM THE TRANSLATION OF HOMER. (7)

The troops exulting sat in order round,
 And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light ;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene ;
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole ;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

So many flames before proud Iliou blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays ;
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend.
 Whose umbered arms by fits thick flashes send ;
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

45.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly to the listening Earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found !
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine.
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

46.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. (8)

Behold, in awful march and dread array
 The long extended squadrons shape their way !
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ,
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life
 No vulgar fears can British minds control :
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul.
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host :
 Though fence and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,
 Nor fence nor floods can stop Britannia's bands.
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war ;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast .
 And pleas'd th' almighty's orders to perform.
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

47.

APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign.
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train .
 Eased of her load, Subjection grows more light.
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores :
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice and mellow it to wine ;
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil ;

We envy not the warmer clime that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine ;
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
 smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
 A nicer touch to the stretched canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live ;
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate
 And hold in balance each contending state,
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbours' prayer ;
 The Dane and Swede roused up by fierce alarms
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms ;
 Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease.
 And all the northern world lies hushed in peace

THOMAS TICKELL.

1686-1740.

48.

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK. (9)

If dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid ;
 Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires ?
 Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires ;

Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir:
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine.
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine,
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned.
 What new employments please th' unbodied mind ?
 A wingèd Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unwearied does he fly,
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell ?
 Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind.
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
 Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend.
 To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms.
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms.
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart.
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
 Led through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so the heavens decree.
 Must still be loved and still deplored by me)
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight ;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there :

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove ;
 'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
 Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song .
 There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe :
 There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

JAMES THOMSON.

1700-1748.

49.

RULE BRITANNIA. (10)

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain :—
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves !

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke .
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

'Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
Rule Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends
At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads ; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the West emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
'The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,

'Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor.
 Eyes all the smiling family askance.
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms—dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men—the garden seeks.
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth.
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

51.

THE MECCA CARAVAN.

Breathed hot
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand.
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil
 Son of the desert, e'en the camel feels,
 Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast,

Or from the black red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands
 Commoved around, in gathering eddies play.
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come
 Till with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep In Cairo's crowded streets
 The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay

COLLEY CIBBER.

1671-1757.

52.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
 What are the blessings of the Sight :
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake
 With me 'twere always day

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy ;
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king.
 Although a poor blind boy.

THOMAS GRAY.

1716-1771.

53.

**ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
 CHURCHYARD. (11)**

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign,

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
 Await alike the inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed.

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

WILLIAM COLLINS.

1721-1759.

54.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

JAMES MERRICK.

1720-1769.

55.

THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before,
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know."
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun;
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 Whoever saw so fine a blue?"

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies ;
 “ ’Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue ;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ ’Tis green, ’tis green, sir, I assure ye.”
 “ Green !” cries the other in a fury :
 “ Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ? ”
 “ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies ;
 “ For if they always serve you thus,
 You’ll find them but of little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows,
 When luckily came by a third ;
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he’d tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

“ Sirs,” cries the umpire, “ cease your pother ;
 The creature’s neither one nor t’other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o’er by candle-light :
 I marked it well ; ’twas black as jet—
 You stare—but, sirs, I’ve got it yet,
 And can produce it.” “ Pray, sir, do,
 I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”

‘ And I’ll be sworn, that when you’ve seen
The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”

“ Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,”
Replies the man, “ I’ll turn him out :
And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him.”

He said ; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo !—’twas white.
Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise—
“ My children,” the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
“ You all are right, and all are wrong ;
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you ;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.”

JOHN LOGAN.

1748-1788.

56.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove '
Thou messenger of spring !
Now Heaven repairs the rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant, with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds amongst the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale, (12)
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green.
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe.
 Companions of the spring.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

57.

**FROM THE VANITY OF HUMAN
 WISHES. (13)**

(1.)

Let observation with extensive view
 Survey mankind from China to Peru;

Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
 Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride,
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;
 As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
 How rarely Reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
 Each gift of Nature, and each grace of Art,
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death. . . .

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise ?
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain
 Which Heaven may hear ; nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice ;
 Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill :
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat ;

These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain ;
 These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain :
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

(2.)

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign ;
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
 Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows,
 His smile alone security bestows :
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower ;
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power ,
 Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
 And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

(3.)

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ,
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field :
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine.
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain :
 " Think nothing gained," he cries, " till nought remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky "

The march begins in military state.
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ,
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost
 He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay ;
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shews his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren stand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale. . . .

58.

**ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT
LEVETT. (14)**

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons, mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride ;
The modest wants of every day,
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain.
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

59.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a Man. (15)
 Of whom the world might say.
 That still a godly race he ran—
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes :
 The naked every day he clad,—
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a Dog was found.
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends :
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
 The wondering neighbours ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man !

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye :
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied :
 The man recover'd of the bite.
 The dog it was that died !

60.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE." (16)

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed ;
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the busy mill.
 The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these ,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed ;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way.
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule.
 The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew.
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning's face ;
 Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ,
 Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew.
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill.
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731-1800.

61.

BOADICEA. (17)

AN ODE.

When the British warrior Queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak,
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 ’Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ,
 Perish, hopeless and abhorr’d,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renown’d,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier’s name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize.
 Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm’d with thunder, clad with wings
 Shall a wider world command.

“ Regions Cæsar[†] never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway ;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow :
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due .
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.”

62.

THE POSTMAN. (18)

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright :—
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks.
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
 And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch.
 Cold and yet cheerful ; messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some.
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,

Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears that trickled down the writer's cheek
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh the important budget¹ ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace.
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate.
 'The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all:
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again
 Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round.
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each.
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

63.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE." (19)

Toll for the brave,
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel.
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds.
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete !

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock :
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

64.

EVENING.

Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace ;
 Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long '
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
 Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
 Like homely featur'd night. of clust'ring gems ;
 A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow.
 Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
 No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm.
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift ;
 And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
 Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
 When they command whom man was born to please ;
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

65.

**THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER
SELKIRK. (20)**

I am monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone.
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man.
 O had I the wings of a dove
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth

Ye winds that have made me your sport.
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more :—

My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see !

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair

—But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 'There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot

66.

ON ENGLAND !

Why weeps the Muse for England ? What appears
 In England's case to move the Muse to tears ?
 From side to side of her delightful isle
 Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile ?
 Can Nature add a charm or Art confer
 A new-found luxury not seen in her ?
 Where under heaven is pleasure more pursued.
 Or where does cold reflection less intrude ?

Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn
 Pour'd out from Plenty's overflowing horn ;
 Ambrosial gardens, in which Art supplies
 The fervour and the force of Indian skies ;
 Her peaceful shores, where busy Commerce waits
 To pour his golden tide through all her gates ;
 Whom fiery suns that scorch the russet spice
 Of eastern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice,
 Forbid in vain to push his daring way
 To darker climes, or climes of brighter day ;
 Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll.
 From the world's girdle to the frozen pole ;
 The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets ;
 Her vaults below, where every vintage meets ;
 Her theatres, her revels, and her sports,
 The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
 But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
 Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again ;
 All speak her happy :—let the Muse look round
 From east to west, no sorrow can be found ;
 Or only what in cottages confined,
 Sighs unregarded to the passing wind
 Then wherefore weep for England ? What appears
 In England's case to move the Muse to tears ?

67.

JOHN GILPIN. (21)

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE
 INTENDED AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—

“ Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

“ My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three.
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied—“ I do admire
Of womankind but one.
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

“ I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—“ That's well said :
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud

So three doors off the chaise was stav'd
 Where they did all get in :
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin !

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad,
 The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
 Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
 And up he got, in haste to ride,
 But soon came down again :

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
 His journey to begin.
 When, turning round his head, he saw
 Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
 Although it griev'd him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming came down stairs—
 “ The wine is left behind ! ”

“ Good lack ! ” quoth he — “ yet bring it me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov’d,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipp’d from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush’d and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o’er the stones,
With caution and good heed !

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall’d him in his seat.

So “ Fair and softly,” John he cried,
But John he cried in vain :
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasp'd the mane with both his hands.
 And oke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
 Away went hat and wig ! - -
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig !

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamers long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both.
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream ;
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And ev'ry soul cried out—Well done !
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around—
 “ He carries weight ! he rides a race !
 ’Tis for a thousand pound ! ”

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play.
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house—”
 They all at once did cry ;
 “ The dinner waits, and we are tir’d : ”
 Said Gilpin—So am I !

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclin’d to tarry there ;
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender’s
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz’d to see
 His neighbour in such trim.
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :—

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all ? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
 And lov’d a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke :—

“ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word.
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and, in his turn,
Thus show'd his ready wit—
“ My head is twice as big as yours.
They therefore needs must fit.

‘ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John—“ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware !”

So, turning to his horse, he said—
“ I am in haste to dine ;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig !
 He lost them sooner than at first
 For why ?—they were too big !

Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell---
 This shall be yours when you bring back
 My husband safe and well ~

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain ;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels!—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry :

“ Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman ! ”
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ,
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did—and won it too !—
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

1745-1820.

68.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF COWPER.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
 Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !
 England exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise ;
 His highest honours to the heart belong ;
 His virtues formed the magic of his song.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

1757-1827.

69.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 'In the forest of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant dæps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

THIRD BOOK.

FROM WORDSWORTH TO TENNYSON.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born in 1770 and he died in 1850. His long life of eighty years covered some of the most memorable events in the history of Modern Europe, and saw the rise of a new and a great school of poetry.

Throughout the eighteenth century men had begun to study seriously the problems of government. In France, new ideas had arisen concerning the rights of the common people, and their relation to their rulers. The French Revolution broke out in 1789. The King of France was executed, and very many of the nobility of the land were killed. Events like these alarmed other nations, and soon France found herself at war with nearly all the great powers of Europe. It was at this time that Napoleon Bonaparte became the leader of the French. He was one of the greatest soldiers the world has ever seen, and he kept Europe at war until, in 1815, he was beaten at the Battle of Waterloo by the English. It is interesting for Indian students to remember that the Duke of Wellington led the English army in this great battle. He was the brother of Lord Wellesley who was Governor-General of India from 1798 to 1805; and he learned his work as soldier and leader when in command of the army in India. During the

whole of Napoleon's career, the English were fighting hard on the Continent of Europe; and the literature of this period reflects the warlike spirit of the time. Writers like Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and Lord Byron were in touch with the great events of their day, and gave expression to lofty and patriotic feeling on the trials which England had to endure.

But war was only one of the many influences at work on literature. From the time of Pope's death in 1744, quiet but serious changes had taken place in England. Men had begun to think of their duty to each other. Such things as the relief of the poor, the diseased, and the criminal were now subjects of study. Trade had increased, and new methods of manufacture were being introduced. The people of the middle class were rapidly becoming rich and important, and were demanding a larger share in the work of government. Great religious movements had compelled the people of England to think of the good of the whole community, and not of any particular class. All these changes are reflected in the poetry of Cowper who died in 1800. To read his verse and contrast it with that of Pope, is to understand the change that had passed over the minds of Englishmen in the latter part of the eighteenth century. While these important changes were at work, Napoleon came to the front in Europe; and never since the time of Queen Elizabeth, had Englishmen been so stirred to great action and to great thought.

The most representative poet of this time was William Wordsworth. In his youth he had welcomed the French Revolution, because he thought

a new age had come to the world—a time of freedom and advancement to a better and fuller life for all classes of men. In his work as a poet he tried to do two very important things. In the first place he desired to write in the simplest possible way in order that all men could read and understand his poetry. In the second place he tried to direct the thoughts of his readers to the quiet beauty of nature, and to the pleasure to be found in humble and simple life. No other English poet has loved nature so passionately as Wordsworth; and no other has described natural beauty with greater fidelity or truth. He made his home in the Lake district, one of the most beautiful parts of England, and here he wrote two of his longest poems, "The Prelude" and "The Excursion." His life was simple and retired. He had no love for the city, but lived in quiet communion with nature, and in complete devotion to his art.

It is impossible to name all the famous writers of this time. Around Wordsworth many poets had gathered who admired his genius and shared his love of nature and man. Of these the greatest was Coleridge, who has given to our language one exquisitely beautiful poem called "The Ancient Mariner." Southey was a voluminous and careful writer. Two of his longest poems show that England's interest in India and the East had been aroused by the history of the late eighteenth century. "Thalaba" is a Muhammadan romance, and in "Kehama" the rites of the Hindus are described. Sir Walter Scott devoted his early years to narrative poetry, and told in stirring verse some of the historical tales of his own country,

Scotland. Campbell was touched by war-like feeling and wrote some of the best patriotic verse in our language. Every one has read two of his poems, "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic." Lord Byron, like Sir Walter Scott, told romantic tales in verse. He did not confine himself to purely English subjects, but found his material in the legends and scenery of the whole of Europe. He became the most popular of all the poets of his time; and died heroically while trying to win freedom for Greece whose history he loved. Byron was one of the three poets of genius whose early death has roused the sympathy of all lovers of literature. The other two were Shelley and Keats. The first was passionately attached to those ideas of freedom that were encouraged by the French Revolution. As a lyric poet his place is amongst the greatest of the world's literature. He was drowned off the coast of Italy at the age of thirty. John Keats died of consumption when he was only twenty-five. His beautiful stories in verse taken from Greek and other sources, and his exquisite odes gave him an early place as one of the greatest of England's poets. In the work of these young writers the literature of the first part of the nineteenth century may be said to have found completion. It was a literature of rapid growth, coming to perfection within a period of about thirty years. Wordsworth's "Excursion" was published in 1814; and before that date Sir Walter Scott's chief poems had been written. Byron died in 1824, two years after the death of Shelley, and three years after the death of Keats. Sir Walter Scott, having given up the writing of verse, continued to please

the whole reading world of Europe by his novels until his death in 1832. Five years later, in 1837, Queen Victoria came to the throne of England.

This date is memorable in the history of the British Empire. The long reign of Queen Victoria meant much for the people of India. During this time the ruler of England came into close touch with her Indian subjects; and amongst statesmen and men of letters there grew up a better understanding of the Indian people, and a clearer sense of the responsibility of England to India. As a proof of this we should remember the domestic legislation carried out by the Viceroy's during the long reign of the Queen-Empress; and we should remember also the writings of such poets as Sir Edwin Arnold, who interpreted Eastern thought to the people of the West. Lord Tennyson was the most popular poet of the reign of Queen Victoria. He died within living memory in the year 1892, and in his work is reflected the extraordinarily varied life and thought of the whole nineteenth century. He was a true patriot, describing in memorable verse the heroic deeds of his countrymen both in war and in peace. He loved the Empire and looked forward to a time when all the subjects of the great Queen-Empress would work together for the good of the world. In our own day poets and prose writers have chosen subjects of Imperial interest; and, in the generous light that literature brings, the East and the West are moving towards some mutual understanding. Rudyard Kipling has described for his countrymen the romantic side of Eastern life; and Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore has translated into memorable English prose some of

his beautiful Bengali poetry. In this way India, apart from her own ancient heritage of learning, has begun to contribute to Western thought in a Western tongue. It is probable that the awakening which the great war of our own time has brought to the Empire, will be a stimulus to poetry. Whatever the future of our Imperial literature may be, it is necessary to understand something of its past, and to this end the present volume has been designed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

70.

THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

71.

NATURE.

I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
 In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

72.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

Up ! up ! my Friend, and quit your books ;
 Or surely you'll grow double :
 Up ! up ! my Friend, and clear your looks,
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music ! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher :
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

* * * * *

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
 Close up these barren leaves ;
 Come forth and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

73.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 It is the generous spirit, who when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought

Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright :
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
 And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
 Is placable- because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ,
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure,
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
 Thence also, more alive to tenderness.
 'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
 To evil for a guard against worse ill,
 And what in quality or act is best
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows ;
 Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand
 On honourable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire ;

Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all ; (1)
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
 But who, if he be called upon to face
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired :
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need ;
 He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence.
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ,
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love —
 'Tis finally, the man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won ;
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,

Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass ;
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause ;
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be.

74.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear ; (2)
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 As loud far off as near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome darling of the Spring !
 Even yet thou art to me

No bird : but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery :

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green :
And thou wert still a hope, a love
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place ;
That is fit home for thee !

75.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

3 SEPT. 1803.

Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty ;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,

Ships, towers domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

76.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass,
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain.
 O listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands.
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring time from the cuckoo-bird
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides. (3)

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago.

Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ;
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending.
 I listened motionless and still,
 And as I mounted up the hill
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

77.

NUTTING.

It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out)
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my steps
 Towards some far-distant wood ; a figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,
 Which for that service had been husbanded,
 By exhortation of my frugal dame.—
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns and brakes and brambles,—and, in truth,
 More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,

Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
 A virgin scene. — A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
 The banquet ; — or beneath the trees I sat
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;
 A temper known to those, who, after long
 And weary expectation, have been blest
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
 The violets of five seasons re-appear
 And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
 For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,
 And — with my cheek on one of those green stones
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep —
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
 Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure,
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,
 And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with
 crash
 And merciless ravage : and the shady nook
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
 Their quiet being : and unless I now
 Confound my present feelings with the past,

Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.
 Then, dearest maiden, move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

78.

FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks ;
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed,
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks
 Unusual in its cry ;
 Nor is there anyone in sight ;
 All round, in hollow or on height ;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 • That keeps till June December's snow
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below !

Far in the bosom of Helvellyn, (4)
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Not far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen—that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear ;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell!
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry—
 This dog had been through three months' space
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watched about the spot.
 Or by his master's side.
 How nourished here through such long time,
 He knows who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling great
 Above all human estimate.

79.

LINES.

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did nature link
 The human soul that through me ran;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played ;
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan.
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

80.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine :
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772-1834.

81.

KUBLA KHAN. (5)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place, as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river,
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw ;
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

82.

ON PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 “ This is my own, my native land ! ”
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

83

HUNTING SONG.

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 On the mountain dawns the day ;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear !

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”

Louder, louder chant the lay
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

84.

**THE LAST CHARGE OF THE FRENCH
AT WATERLOO. (6)**

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
 The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
 Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
 The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name !

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude ;
Nor was one forward footstep stay'd,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,

Emerging from the smoke they see
 Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—
 Then waked their fire at once !
 Each musketeer's revolving knell.
 As fast, as regularly fell,
 As when they practise to display
 Their discipline on festal day.
 Then down went helm and lance,
 Down were the eagle-banners sent,
 Down reeling steeds and riders went,
 Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent ;
 And to augment the fray,
 Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
 The English horsemen's foaming ranks
 Forced their resistless way.
 Then to the musket-knell succeeds
 The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
 As plies the smith his clanging trade,
 Against the cuirass rang the blade ;
 And while amid their close array
 The well-served cannon rent their way,
 And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoil'd in common rout and fear
 Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
 Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host !
 Their leaders fall'n,—their standards lost.

85.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West !
 Through all the wide Border his steed is the best ; (7)
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none ;

He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stay'd not for brake and he stopp'd not for stone ;
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented ; the gallant came late ;
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all ;—
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword.
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word.)
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war.
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

—" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;—
 And now am I come with this lost Love of mine
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar ! "

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
 " Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch-
invar.

'There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

LORD BYRON.

1788-1824.

86.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB. (8)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd :
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail :
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

87.

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea. and music in its roar ;

I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel,
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain,
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan.
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee : the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth ;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar. (9)

Thy shores are empires. changed in all save thee—
 Assyria. Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts ;—not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight, and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

88.

DEAD GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,

The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart.
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;—
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed!
 Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain cave
 Was freedom's home or glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylae ? (10)
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free,
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame :
 For freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 'The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
 Each step from splendour to disgrace ;

Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes, self-abasement paved the way
To villain bonds and despot sway.

89.

THE DYING GLADIATOR. (11)

I see before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday :
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

90.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art

For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's rayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom.
 And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar ; for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard.—May none those marks efface ! (12)
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

91.

ELEGY.

Oh ! snatched away in beauty's bloom.
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain ?
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

92.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest :
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest ,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight ;
Thou art unseen but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody —

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was,
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found.
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know ;
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow .
 The world should listen then as I am listening now.

93.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams,
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder.
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the Genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills.
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream
 The Spirit he loves remains :
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.

And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardour of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleecy-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee.
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountain its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire and snow,

When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb.
I arise and unbuild it again.

CHARLES WOLFE.

1791-1823.

94.

**THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER
CORUNNA. (13)**

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning.
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head.
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

JOHN KEATS.

1796-1821.

95.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease ;

For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

96.

SONNET.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
 Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
 Hold, like rich garners, the full ripened grain ;
 When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the fairy power
 Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

JAMES HOGG.

1770-1835.

97.

THE SKYLARK.

„ Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !

Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh. to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud ;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day.
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee !

REGINALD HEBER.

1783-1826.

98.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done ! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest ;
And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now,

With furled sail and painted side
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams ;
While all apart beneath the wood,
The Hindu cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through.
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert dank and rude.
The tiger holds its solitude :
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen.
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake,
Child of the sun, he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry.
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade :
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on ! yet pause ! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
The Ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly glade ;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air.

With pendent train and rushing wings
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
 And he the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize. (14)
 So rich a shade, so green a sod
 Our English fairies never trod !
 Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
 But thought on England's "good greenwood."
 And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade
 And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain)
 To gaze upon her oaks again ?
 A truce to thought,—the jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry :
 And through the trees yon failing ray
 Will scantily serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark, as fade the upper skies.
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us and above.
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring.
 The darkness of the copse exploring.
 While to this cooler air confest,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast.
 Of fragrant scent and virgin white.
 A pearl around the locks of night !
 Still as we pass in soften'd hum
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum,
 Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
 The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre ;
 And, what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell,

It is—it must be—Philomel !
 Enough, enough, the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
 And we must early sleep to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.

99.

TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

Emirs and Khans in long array,
 To Timour's council bent their way ;
 The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
 The Persian with dejected eye, “
 The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
 Circassia's mercenary war. (15)
 But one there came, uncall'd and last,
 The spirit of the wintry blast !
 He mark'd, while wrapt in mist he stood,
 The purposed track of spoil and blood ;
 He mark'd unmoved by mortal woe,
 That old Man's eye of swarthy glow ;
 That restless soul, whose single pride
 Was cause enough that millions died ;
 He heard, he saw, till envy woke,
 And thus the voice of thunder spoke :

“ And hop’st thou thus, in pride unfurl’d,
 To bear those banners through the world ?
 Can time nor space thy toils defy ?
 Oh King, thy fellow-demon I !
 Servants of Death, alike we sweep
 The wasted earth, or shrinking deep
 And on the land, and o’er the wave,
 We reap the harvest of the grave.
 But thickest then that harvest lies,
 And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
 In darker cloud the vultures sail,
 And richer carnage taints the gale,
 And few the mourners that remain
 When winter leagues with Tamerlane !
 But on, to work our lord’s decree ;
 Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me !
 And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
 How deadlier are my blasts than thine !
 Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
 Nor thine own pride shall warn thee then !
 Forth to thy task ! We meet again
 On wild Chabanga’s frozen plain.”

100.

FROM THE GULISTAN.

I.

Brother ! know the world deceiveth !
 Trust on Him who safely giveth !
 Fix not on the world thy trust :
 She feeds us—but she turns to dust,
 And the bare earth or kingly throne
 Alike may serve to die upon !

II.

The man who leaveth life behind,
 May well and boldly speak his mind :
 Where flight is none from battle field,
 We blithely snatch the sword and shield ;
 Where hope is past, and hate is strong,
 'The wretch's tongue is sharp and long ;
 Myself have seen, in wild despair.
 The feeble cat the mastiff fear

III.

Who the silent man can prize,
 If a fool he be or wise ?
 Yet, though lonely seem the wood,
 Therein may lurk the beast of blood.
 Often bashful looks conceal
 Tongue of fire and heart of steel.
 And deem not thou, in forest grey.
 Every dappled skin thy prey ;
 Lest thou rouse, with luckless spear,
 The tiger for the fallow deer !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774-1843.

101.

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast
 The mighty minds of old :
 My never-failing friends are they
 With whom I converse day by day

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to *them* I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

102.

THE HOLLY TREE.

1.

O Reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

2.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

3.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize :
 And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after time.

4.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

5.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

6.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

7.

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777-1844.

103.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England !
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, (16)
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow,
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

104.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again—again—again !
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back ;
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;—
 Then cease, and all is wail
 As they strike the shattered sail,
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
 “ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
 And we conquer but to save ;—
 So peace instead of death let us bring.
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King.”

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore ! (17)

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou ;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

105.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow
 And bloodier yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon lurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave (18)
 And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

106.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part:
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

“Stay,—stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn!”—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1763-1855.

107.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
 And share my meal a welcome guest

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet-gown and apron blue

The village-church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to Heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

1793-1835.

108.

CASABIANCA. (19)

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm ;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud : “ Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ? ”
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father ! ” once again he cried,
“ If I may yet be gone ! ”
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
“ My father ! must I stay ? ”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part ;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

109.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

Alone through gloomy forest shades
A soldier went by night ;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
The youth all cheerily passed,
Unchecked by aught of boding sound
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour ?
In his far home, perchance ;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France :

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush ! hark !—did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?
No—the wild wind hath many a sigh
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark yet again !—and from his hand
What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?
Oh, single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier—thou'rt betrayed !

“Silence !” in under-tones they cry,
“No whisper—not a breath ;
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death !”

Still at the bayonet's point he stood,
 And strong to meet the blow,
 And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
 "Arm, arm, Auvergne !—the foe !"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
 He heard their tumults grow ;
 And sent his dying voice through all—
 "Auvergne, Auvergne !—the foe !"

BERNARD BARTON.

1784-1849.

110.

KING CANUTE. (20)

Upon his royal throne he sat,
 In a monarch's thoughtful mood ;
 Attendants on his regal state
 His servile courtiers stood,
 With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
 To win his smile, his favour gain.

They told him e'en the mighty deep
 His kingly sway confessed ;
 That he could bid its billows sweep
 Or still its stormy breast !
 He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
 "Be my boasted empire then tried !"

Down to the sounding ocean's shore
 The proud procession came,
 To see its billows' wild uproar
 King Canute's power proclaim ;
 Or, at his high and dread command
 In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so thought he, their noble king,
 As his course he seaward sped,
 And each base slave, like a guilty thing,
 Hung down his conscious head :—
 He knew the ocean's Lord on high !
 They, that he scorned their senseless lie

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
 He lifted his sceptre there ;
 Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
 The waves their strife forbear :—
 And while he spoke his royal will,
 All but the winds and waves were still :

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
 In scorn of his idle word
 The briny deep its waves tossed high
 By his mandate undeterred,
 As threatening, in their angry play,
 To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch with upbraiding look,
 Turned to the courtly ring :
 But none the kindling eye could brook
 Even of his earthly king :
 For in that wrathful glance they see
 A mightier Monarch wronged than he !

Canute ! thy royal race is run ;
 Thy name had passed away,
 But for the meed this tale hath won,
 Which never shall decay :
 Its meek, unperishing renown,
 Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian, in his mighty pride,
 Forged fetters for the main ;
And when its floods his power defied
 Inflicted stripes as vain ;—
But it was worthier far of thee
To know thyself than rule the sea.

LEIGH HUNT.

1784-1859.

111.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ”—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, “ The names of those who love the Lord ”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, “ I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

112.

JAFFÀR.

Jaffàr, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
 Jaffàr was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
 And guilty Hàroun, sullen with mistrust
 Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
 Ordained that no man living from that day
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—
 All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,
 And facing death for very scorn and grief,
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
 Where once had stood a happy house, and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffàr.

“Bring me this man,” the caliph cried. The man
 Was brought—was gazed upon. The ‘mutes began
 To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords,” cried he :
 “From bonds far worse Jaffàr delivered me ;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears ;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffàr ?”

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great Lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, “Let worth grow frenzied, if it will ;

The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go : and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffar."

113.

MAHMOUD.

There came a man making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right;
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing;
I recognise its right, as king with king.
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board."

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery;
And oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out with thee!"

The Sultan confronted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread"
(For he was poor), "and other comforts. Go;
And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
 And shaken voice. the suitor re-appeared,
 And said, He's come." Mahmoud said not a word,
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
 And went with the vexed man. They reach the place.
 And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
 That to the window fluttered in affright.
 "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
 But tell the females first to leave the room :
 And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry ; and hark !
 A table falls, the window is struck dark ;
 Forth rush the breathless women ; and behind,
 With curses, comes the fiend in desperate mind.
 In vain : the sabres soon cut short the strife,
 And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now light the light !" the Sultan cried aloud.
 'Twas done : he took it in his hand and bowed
 Over the corpse, and looked upon the face ;
 Then turned, and knelt, and to the throne of grace
 Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
 Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
 Then bring him, at his call, both wine and meat ;
 And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
 He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart

The man amaz'd, all mildness now and tears,
 Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
 And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
 The reason first of that command he gave

About the light : then when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down ; and lastly how it was
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
“ Since first I heard thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread that one
By whom such daring villainies were done,
Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son

“ Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thank'd the sovereign arbiter,
Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear.
And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
The first time since thou cam'st and marr'dst my solitude.’

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784-1842.

114.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high ;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 And hark the music, mariners.
 The wind is piping loud ;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

THOMAS MOORE.

1779-1852.

“

115.

TO THE DEITY.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee,
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

‘ When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
 And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

116.

KASHMIR.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Kashmir,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave ?

Oh to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes.
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming
half shown.

And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own .
 Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,
 Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away ;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
 Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

1775-1841.

117.

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this goodly frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?

But through a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came :
 And lo ! Creation broadened to man's view.
 Who could have guessed such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who divined,
 When bud and flower and insect lay revealed,
 Thou to such countless worlds hadst made us blind ?
 Why should we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
 If light conceals so much, wherefore not Life ?

HORACE SMITH.

1779-1849.

118.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY. (21)

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And Time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous.
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
 Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles

Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;

Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,

Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,

And the great deluge still had left it green ;

Or was it then so old that history's pages

Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;

But prithee tell us something of thyself,

Reveal the secrets of thy prison house ;

Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,

What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended,

New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,

Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;

And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold :

A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusky check have rolled ;

Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?

What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh !—immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !

Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed.

And standest undecayed within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning.

When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
 Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

H. F. LYTE.

1793-1847.

119.

THE OFFICER'S GRAVE.

There is in the wide, lone sea
 A spot unmark'd but holy ;
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean-bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep
 That oft to triumph bore him,
 He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep
 With the salt waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps serene and safe
 From tempest or from billow,
 Where the storms that high above him chafe
 Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
 They did not dare to sever :
 It was his home while he had breath :
 'Tis now his rest for ever !

Sleep on, thou mighty dead !
A glorious tomb they've found thee ;
The broad blue sky above thee spread :
The boundless waters round thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771-1854.

120.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : and who was he ?
Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown ;
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone :

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast ;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear,
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed, but his delights are fled ;
Had friends—his friends are now no more ;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
 Oh, she was fair ! but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
 Encountered all that troubles thee :
 He was—whatever thou hast been :
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this—there lived a man.

121.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And, milder moons emparadise the night ;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth,

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace.
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

A. H. CLOUGH.

1819-1861.

122

WHERE LIES THE LAND ?

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

123.

THE RALLY.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be in yon smoke conceal'd,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back through creeks and inlets making
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright !

124.

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND.

Green fields of England ! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
One image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me !

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
Dear home in England, won at last.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

1806-1861.

125.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan, (22)
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat,
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river.
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river,
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
 (How tall it stood in the river !)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 Then notched the poor dry empty thing
 In holes as he sate by the river,

“This is the way,” laughed the great god Pan,
 (Laughed while he sate by the river !)
 “The only way since gods began
 To make sweet music they could succeed.”
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man,
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

1800-1859.

126.

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH. (23)

To my true King I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,
Grey-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I ask'd—an early grave.
O Thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

MARY HOWITT.

1799-1888.

127.

LINES ON THE LOCUST.

The locust is fierce, and strong, and grim,
 And an armèd man is afraid of him :
 He comes like a wingèd shape of dread,
 With his shielded back and his hornèd head
 And his double wings for hasty flight.
 And a keen unwearying appetite.

He comes with famine and fear along,
 An army of millions, millions strong ;
 The Goth and the Vandal and dwarfish Hun, (24)
 With their swarming people, wild and dun,
 Brought not the dread that the locust brings,
 When is heard the rush of his myriad wings.

From the deserts of burning sand they speed
 Where the lions roam and the serpents breed,
 Far over the sea away, away !
 And they darken the sun at noon of day.
 Like Eden the land in front they find,
 But they leave it a desolate waste behind.

The peasant grows pale when he sees them come,
 And standeth before them weak and dumb ;
 For they come like a raging fire in power
 And devour a year's labour in half an hour ;
 And the trees are bare and the land is brown,
 As if trampled and trod by an enemy down.

There is terror in every monarch's eye,
When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh ;
For he knows that the might of an armèd host
Cannot drive the spoiler from out his coast,—
That terror and famine his land await
And that all his domains will be desolate.

The ravening locust is strong and grim ;
And what were an armèd man to him ?
Fire turns him not, nor sea prevents,
He is stronger by far than the elements !
The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,
And he darkens the sun at the noon of day !

R. C. TRENCH.

1807-1886.

128.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian
throne is done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour has the crowning
victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they are bringing
forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo," I perish in
my thirst!
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive
the worst !"

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the
draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around
him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man
enclose.

“But what fear’st thou?” cried the caliph; “is it,
friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacher-
ous dealing know.”

“Thou may’st quench thy thirst securely, for thou
shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water. This reprieve
is thine—no more!”

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth
with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

“Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water
of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled
water gather up.”

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful
passions stirred,
Then exclaimed, “Forever sacred must remain a
monarch’s word!

Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble
Persian give.

Drink, I said before, and perish ; now I bid thee drink
and live! ”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1807-1882.

129.

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen ;
 Make the house, where Gods may dwell.
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete.
 Standing in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

130.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand ;
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed ; (25)
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode,
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand ;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank ;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew ;
 From morn till night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of the Caffre huts.
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyæna scream ;
 And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;
 And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For death had illumined the land of Sleep
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away.

J. R. LOWELL.

1819-1891.

131.

DARA.

When Persia's sceptre trembled in a hand
 Made weak by many a vice, and all the land
 Was hovered over by those vulture ills
 That sniff decaying empire from afar,
 Then, with a nature balanced as a star,
 Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects well
 Made his own village, by the self-same spell,
 Secure and quiet as a guarded fold ;
 Then gathering strength by slow and wise degrees
 Under his sway to neighbour villages
 Order returned, and faith and justice old.

Now, when it fortune'd that a king more wise
 Endued the realm with brain, and hand, and eyes,
 He sought on every side men brave and just ;
 And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise,
 How he refilled the mould of elder days.
 To Dara gave a satrapy in trust. (26)

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
 Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride
 Than in his crook before ; but envy finds
 More food in cities than on mountains bare,
 And the frank sun of natures clear and rare
 Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal ear
 That though wise Dara's province, year by year,
 Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up,
 Yet when he squeezed it at the king's behest,
 Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest,
 Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof, they said that, wheresoe'er he went,
 A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent,
 Went with him ; and no mortal eye had seen
 What was therein, save only Dara's own ;
 But when 'twas opened, all his tent was known
 To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's province straight
 There, as was fit, outside the city's gate
 The viceroy met him with a stately train,
 And there, with archers circled, close at hand,
 A camel with the chest was seen to stand :
 The king's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.

" Open me here," he cried, " this treasure-chest !"
 'Twas done ; and only a worn shepherd's vest
 Was found therein ! Some blushed and hung the head.
 Not Dara ; open as the sky's blue roof
 He stood, and, " O my lord, behold the proof
 That I was faithful to my trust !" he said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I 'had !
 My soul, in these rude vestments ever clad,
 Still to the unstained past kept true and leal,
 Still on these plains could breathe the mountain air,
 And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely bear,
 Which bend men from their truth and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have small skill,
 Were I not lord of simple Dara still ;
 That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way."

Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright,
 And strained the throbbing lids ; before 'twas night
 Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

132.

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland ?
 Is it where he by chance is born ?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scant borders to be spanned ?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is man ?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this ?
 Oh yes ! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives

After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine.
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

133.

YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent.
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good'."

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay'."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold ;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
 I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf ; " for with thee
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride away from me.
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace ! "

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

1810-1888.

134.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA.

Last night among his fellow-roughs
 He jested, quaff'd and swore :
 A drunken private of Buffs, (27)
 Who never looked before.
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewilder'd and alone,
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.

Ay! tear his body limb from limb ;
Bring cord, or axe, or flame!—
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
Like dreams to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke above his father's door
In grey soft eddyings hung :—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons !
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king.
Because his soul was great.

135.

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD." (28)

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down ;
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship " Birkenhead " lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrill'd as nerves, when through them pass'd
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away disorderly the planks
 From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood.
 That low down in its blue translucent glass
 We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood
 Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!
 The sea turn'd one clear smile! Like things asleep
 Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
 As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
 Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
 Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
 Form'd us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd
 Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—
All to the boats! cried one:—he was, thank God,
 No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir: .
 That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:
 On land, on sea, we had our Colours, Sir,
 To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
 With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek;
 Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
 By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall ?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1814-1889.

136.

TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang—“ Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the spear and sword !
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord ! ”

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire ;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,

And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.
 And they sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew !
 Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
 And hurra for the metal true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
 Ere the setting of the sun,
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done ;
 He saw the men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind,
 That the land was red with blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage, blind.
 And he said—" Alas ! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-men ! "

And for many a day old Tubal Cain "
 Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smouldered low.
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high,
 And he sang—" Hurra for my handicraft ! "
 And the red sparks lit the air ;
 " Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made "
 And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands ;
 And sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain !
 Our staunch good friend is he ;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough
 To him our praise shall be."

137.

THE GIANT.

There came a Giant to my door,
 A Giant fierce and strong ;
 His step was heavy on the floor ;
 His arms were ten yards long.
 He scowled and frowned ; he shook the ground ;
 I trembled through and through ;
 At length I looked him in the face
 And cried, " Who cares for you ? "

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
 Grew pale and thin and small,
 And through his body, as 'twere smoke,
 I saw the sunshine fall.
 His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
 He whispered soft and low,
 " Is this," I cried, with glowing pride—
 " Is this the mighty foe ? "

He sank before my earnest face,
 He vanished quite away,
 And left no shadow in his place
 Between me and the day.

Such Giants come to strike us dumb,
 But, weak in every part,
 They melt before the strong man's eyes,
 And fly the true of heart.

J. G. SAXE.

1816-1887

138.

THE WISE MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

A HINDU FABLE.

It was six men of Hindustan,
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the elephant,
 (Though all of them were blind),
 That each by observation
 Might satisfy the mind.

The first approached the elephant,
 And, happening to fall
 Against its broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl :
 "Why, bless me ! but the elephant
 Is very like a wall."

The second, feeling at the tusk,
 Cried, "Ho ! what have we here
 So very round and smooth and sharp ?
 To me 'tis mighty clear
 This wonder of an elephant
 Is very like a spear."

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hand,
Thus boldly up he spake :
“ I see,” quoth he, “ the elephant
Is very like a snake ! ”

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about its knee,
“ What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain,” quoth he :
“ ’Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree ! ”

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, “ E’en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most ;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan ! ”

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“ I see,” quoth he, “ the elephant
Is very like a rope !

And so these men of Hindustan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong :
Though each was partly in the right,
They all were in the wrong !

139.

SOLOMON AND THE BEES. (29)

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the Talmud you may read the story)—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendours of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty King.

Nor this alone : much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech,
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word,
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach,
In pleasing proverbs ; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumour spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy ;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye :
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers ;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from nature's choicest bowers ;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest art.

“Which is the true, and which the false?” she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head ;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture ne’er would speak again

“Which is the true?” once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the King ;
“So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!”
But still the sage was silent ; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head :
“Open the window!”—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King’s command ;
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba’s dexter hand ;
And so the King and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was nature’s ; and the baffled Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms of the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—
Some truth designed to profit or to please—
As Israel’s King learned wisdom from the bees.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

140.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN. (30)

Come, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay ;
Now the great winds shoreward blow ;
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away.
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go.
 Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know :
 “ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear :
Children’s voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away.
 This way, this way !
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay.”
The wild white horses foam and fret
 Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.
 Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their m^{ouths} and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?
Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea
She said, " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !

And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
 I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
 She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
 Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
 Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.
 We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes
 She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
 "Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
 Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan "
 But ah ! she gave me never a look.
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
 Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more.
 Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down ;
 Down to the depths of the sea.
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child with its toy.

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she :
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow ;
 When clear falls the moonlight ;
 When spring-tides are low :
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starred with broom ;
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanched sands a gloom :
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie ;
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town ;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing, “ There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she.
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea.”

ROBERT BROWNING.

1812-1889.

141.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon : (31)
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with his mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

'Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place.
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
" You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
" I'm killed, Sire ! " And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

1809-1892.

142.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. (32)

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew,
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well.
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery smoke.
Right through the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered ;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade ?
 O, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

143.

THE VICTIM.

I.

A plague upon the people fell,
 A famine after laid them low,
 Then thorpe and byre arose in fire.
 For on them brake the sudden foe ;
 So thick they died the people cried,
 " The Gods are moved against the land."
 The Priest in horror about his altar
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand : (33)
 " Help us from famine
 And plague and strife !
 What would you have of us ?
 Human life ?
 Were it our nearest,
 Were it our dearest.
 (Answer, O answer)
 We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
 And cattle died, and deer in wood,
 And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
 And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;
 And dead men lay all over the way.
 Or down in a furrow scathed with flame :
 And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,
 Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.
 " The King is happy
 In child and wife ;
 Take you his dearest,
 Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill ;
 The King was hunting in the wild ;
 They found the mother sitting still ;
 She cast her arms about the child.
 The child was only eight summers old,
 His beauty still with his years increased.
 His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
 He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
 The Priest beheld him,
 And cried with joy,
 " The Gods have answer'd :
 We give them the boy."

IV.

The King returned from out the wild,
 He bore but little game in hand ;
 The mother said, " They have taken the child,
 To spill his blood and heal the land :

The land is sick, the people diseased,
 And blight and famine on all the lea :
 The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
 So I pray you tell the truth to me.
 They have taken our son,
 They will have his life.
 Is *he* your dearest ?
 Or I, the wife ? ”

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
 He stay'd his arms upon his knee :
 “ O wife, what use to answer now ?
 For now the Priest has judg'd for me.”
 The King was shaken with holy fear ;
 “ The Gods,” he said, “ would have chosen well ;
 Yet both are near, and both are dear,
 And which the dearest I cannot tell ! ”
 But the Priest was happy,
 His victim won :
 “ We have his dearest,
 His only son ! ”

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
 The knife uprising toward the blow,
 To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
 “ Me, not my darling, no ! ”
 He caught her away with a sudden cry ;
 Suddenly from him brake his wife,
 And shrieking “ *I* am his dearest, I—
 I am his dearest ! ” rush'd on the knife.

And the Priest was happy,
 " O, Father Odin,
 We give you a life.
 Which was his nearest ?
 Who was his dearest ?
 The Gods have answer'd ;
 We give them the wife ! "

144.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA. (34)

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
 A nobler office upon earth
 Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
 Could give the warrior kings of old,
 Victoria,—since your Royal grace
 To one of less desert allows
 This laurel greener from the brows
 Of him that utter'd nothing base ;
 And should your greatness, and the care
 That yokes with empire, yield you time
 To make demand of modern rhyme
 If aught of ancient worth be there ;
 Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
 And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
 Where all about your palace-walls
 The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—
 Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;
 For tho' the faults were thick as dust
 In vacant chambers, I could trust
 Your kindness. May you rule us long.

And leave us rulers of your blood
 As noble till the latest day !
 May children of our children say,
 " She wrought her people lasting good ;

" Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
 God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
 A thousand claims to reverence closed
 In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

" And statesmen at her council met
 Who knew the seasons when to take
 Occasion by the hand, and make
 The bounds of freedom wider yet

" By shaping some august decree,
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,
 Broad-based upon her people's will,
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

1832-1904.

145.

THE ORDER OF VALOUR. (35) (1856.)

Thus saith the Queen ! " For him who gave
 His life as nothing in the fight,—
 So he from Russian wrong might save
 My crown, my people and my right,—
 Let there be made a cross of bronze
 And grave thereon my queenly crest,
 Write VALOUR on its haughty scroll
 And hang it on his breast."

Thus saith the Land ! " He who shall bear
 Victoria's cross upon his breast,
 In token that he did not fear
 To die—had need been—for her rest ;
 For the dear sake of her who gives,
 And the high deeds of him who wears,
 Shall, high or low, all honour have
 From all, through all his years."

146.

A RAJPUT NURSE.

" Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo ! under
 this tamarind tree,
 With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white
 dome stately to see.
 Was he holy Brahman, or Yogi, or Chief of the
 Rajput line,
 Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of
 the beautiful shrine ? "

" May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, " Pro-
 tector of all the poor !
 It was not for holy Brahman they carved that delicate
 door ;
 Nor for Yogi, nor Rajput Rana, built they this gem of
 our land ;
 But to tell of a Rajput woman, as long as the stones
 should stand.

" Her name was Moti, the pearl-name ; 'twas far in
 the ancient times ;
 But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are
 sung of still in our rhymes ;

And because she was young, and comely, and of
 good repute, and had laid
 A babe in the arms of her husband,¹ the Palace-
 Nurse she was made :

“For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudh-
 pore city had died,
 Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race
 of pride ;
 The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-coloured
 flag, of the throne
 Which traces its record of glory from days when it
 ruled alone ;

“From times when, forth from the sunlight,² the
 first of our kings came down
 And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the
 stars for his crown,
 As all good Rajputs have told us ; so Moti was
 proud and true,
 With the prince of the land on her bosom, and her
 own brown baby too.

“And the Rajput women will have it (I know not
 myself of these things)
 As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord’s,
 and the Joudhpore King’s,
 So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith
 of her heart,
 It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her
 trust its part.

¹ A Hindu father acknowledges paternity by receiving in his arms his new-born child.

² The Joudhpore dynasty is said to be descended from the Sun.

“He would not suck of the breast-milk till the
 Prince had drunken his fill ;
 He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince
 was lulled and still ;
 And he lay at night with his small arms clasped
 round the Rana’s child,
 As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter
 from treason wild.

“For treason was wild in the country and villain-
 ous men had sought
 The life of the heir of the gadi,¹ to the Palace in
 secret brought ;
 With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for
 the faithful, they made their way
 Through the line of the guards, and the gateways,
 to the hall where the women lay.

“There Moti, the foster-mother, sat singing the
 children to rest,
 Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the
 King’s son held to her breast ;
 And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on
 the cymbal’s skin
 Keeping the time of her soft song—when—Saheb!—
 there hurried in

“A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror
 in eyes and face :
 ‘Oh ! Moti ! men come to murder my Lord the Prince
 in this place !
 They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or
 slaughtered them unawares,
 Hark ! that is the noise of their tulwars,² the clatter
 upon the stairs !’

¹ The “seat” or throne.

² Indian swords.

“ For one breath she caught her baby from her lap
 to her heart, and let
 The King’s child sink from her nipple, with lips still
 clinging and wet,
 Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the
 putta of pearls from his waist,
 And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his
 brows in haste ;

“ And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and
 blood, on the floor,
 With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap
 that the King’s son wore ;
 While close to her heart, which was breaking, she
 folded the Raja’s joy,
 And—even as the murderers lifted the *purdah*—she
 fled with his boy.

“ But there (so they deemed) in his jewels, lay the
 Chota Rana,¹ the Heir ;
 ‘ The cow with two calves has escaped us,’ cried one,
 ‘ it is right and fair
 She should save her own butcha² ; no matter ! the
 edge of the dagger ends
 This spark of Lord Raghoba’s sunlight ; stab thrice
 and four times, O friends !’

“ And the Rajput women will have it (I know not
 if this can be so)
 That Moti’s son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
 When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with
 never one moan or wince,
 But died with a babe’s light laughter, because
 he died for his Prince.

¹ “ Little King.”

² Little one.

“Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line
of our Kings.”

“Oh! Vittoo,” I said, “but they gave her much
gold and beautiful things,

And garments, and land for her people, and a home
in the Palace! May be

She had grown to love that Princeling even more
than the child on her knee.”

“May it please the Presence!” quoth Vittoo, “it
seemeth not so! they gave

The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as
the proudest would have;

But the same night deep in her true heart, she
buried a knife, and smiled,

Saying this: ‘I have saved my Rana! I must go to
suckle my child!’”

[*By permission.*]

147.

AN ADIEU.

India farewell! I shall not see again

Thy shining shores, thy peoples of the Sun,

Gentle, soft-mannered, by a kind word won

To such quick kindness! O'er the Arab main

Our flying flag streams back; and backwards stream

My thoughts to those fair open fields I love,

City and village, maiden, jungle, grove,

The temples and the rivers! Must it seem

Too great for one man's heart to say it holds

So many, many Indian sisters dear,

So many Indian brothers? that it folds

Lakhs of true friends in parting ? Nay ! but there
 Lingers my heart, leave-taking ; and it roves
 From hut to hut whispering, “ he knows, and loves ! ”
 Good-bye ! Good-night ! Sweet may your slumbers be,
 Gunga and Kasi ! and Saraswati !

[*By permission.*]

148.

TO A PAIR OF EGYPTIAN SLIPPERS.

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
 Tied with a mouldering golden cord !
 What pretty feet they must have been
 When Cæsar Augustus was Egypt's lord ! (36)
 Somebody graceful and fair you were
 Not many girls could dance in these.
 When did your shoemaker make you, dear.
 Such a nice pair of Egyptian “ threes ” ?
 Where were you measured ? In Sais, or On,
 Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium ?
 Fitting them neatly your brown toes upon,
 Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb,
 I seem to see you—so long ago,
 Twenty-one centuries, less or more.
 And here are your sandals : yet none of us know
 What name, or fortune, or face you bore
 Your lips would have laughed, with a rosy scorn,
 If the merchant, or slave-girl, had mockingly said,
 “ The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
 Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,
 And still be footgear as good as new.”
 To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,
 Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you
 Be gone, like a dream, from the world you bewitched.

Not that we mourn you. 'Twere too absurd.

You have been such a very long while away.
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word
Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.
Sorrow and Pleasure, and Love and Hate,
If you ever felt them, have vaporised hence
To this odour—so subtle and delicate—
Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you. Yet not so sweet
Were aloes and nard, as the youthful glow
Which Amenti stole when the small dark feet
Wearied of treading our world below.
Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear,
When your slippers tripped lightly their latest mile—
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.

You knew Cleopatra, no doubt. You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come.
But there! if questions could answers draw
From lips so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you with history,
Nor vex your heart for the men which were;
The one point to learn that would fascinate me
Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear?

You died, believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris, and priestly lore:
And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—so I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy, and sought new flesh

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
 With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
 Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak,
 And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back ?
 A scent of lotus about her hung,
 And she had such a far-away wistful air
 As of somebody born when the Earth was young ;
 And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married ? These might have been
 Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes ;
 And you laid them aside with the garments green,
 And painted clay Gods which a bride would use :
 And, may be, to-day, by Nile's bright waters
 Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
 Great-great-great-very-great-grand-daughters
 Owe their shapely insteps to you

But vainly I beat at the bars of the Past,
 Little green slippers with golden strings.
 For all you can tell is that leather will last
 When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
 Have vanished, forgotten—No ! not quite that.
 I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
 When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
 And left your shoes at Death's bedroom door.

You were born in the Egypt which did not doubt ;
 You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrows :
 You were sure, when your play-days on Earth ran out,
 Of play-times to come, as we of our morrows.
 Oh, wise little Maid of the Delta ! I lay
 Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,
 And wish that one game we might merrily play
 At " Hunt the Slipper "—to see it all plain.

[By permission.]

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

1862.

149.

THE GUIDES AT CABUL, 1879.

Sons of the Island Race, wherever ye dwell,
Who speak of your father's battles with lips that burn,
The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,
When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,
Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
Answered a thousand yelling for English blood,
With stormy volleys that swept them gunner from gun,
And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan sun,
Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched at bay
And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked their hold,
Twice toiled in vain to drag it back :
Thrice they toiled ; and alone, wary and bold,
Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,
Hamilton, last of the English, covered their track.
“ Never give in ! ” he cried, and he heard them shout,
And grappled with death as a man that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering barrack
again,
And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that spoke :
“ Come, for we know that the English all are slain,
We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk ,

Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror's yoke."
 Silence fell for a moment, then was heard
 A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering word.

"Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this wrong,
 That ye call us to flinch from the battle they bade us fight?
 We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong?
 They that have fallen—ye know that their blood was bright
 Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the light
 The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,
 Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead?"

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart
 To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap
 Came on the men of the Guides; they flung apart
 The doors not all their valour could longer keep;
 They dressed their slender line; they breathed deep,
 And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
 To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.
[By permission.]

150.

THE ONLY SON

O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing,
 What of the dales to-night?
 In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
 What ring of festal light?

"In the great window as the day was dwindling
 'I saw an old man stand;
 His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
 But the list shook in his hand."

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
 No sound of joy or wail ?
 “ ‘ *A great fight and a good death,*’ he muttered ;
 ‘ *Trust him, he would not fail.*’ ”

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
 For whom all life is done ?
 “ *Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying*
 ‘ *My son, my little son.*’ ”

[*By permission.*]

A. CONAN DOYLE.

1859.

151.

THE FRONTIER LINE.

What marks the frontier line ?
 Thou man of India, say !
 Is it in the Himalayas sheer,
 The rocks and valleys of Cashmere,
 Or Indus as she seeks the south
 From Attock to the five-fold mouth ?
 “ Not that ! Not that ! ”
 Then answer me, I pray !
 What marks the frontier line ?

What marks the frontier line ?
 Thou man of Burma, speak !
 Is it traced from Mandalay,
 And down the marches of Cathay,
 From Bhamo south to Kiang-mai,

And where the buried rubies lie ?

“ Not that ! Not that ! ”

Then tell me what I seek :

What marks the frontier line ?

What marks the frontier line ?

Thou Africander, say !

Is it shown by Zulu kraal,

By Drakensberg or winding Vaal,

Or where the Shiré waters seek

Their outlet east at Mozambique ?

“ Not that ! Not that ! ”

There is a surer way

To mark the frontier line.

What marks the frontier line ?

Thou man of Egypt, tell !

Is it traced on Luxor's sand,

Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,

Or where the river runs between

The Ethiop and Bishareen ?

“ Not that ! Not that ! ”

By neither stream nor well

We mark the frontier line.

“ But be it east or west,

One common sign we bear,

The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,

But where your British brothers lie,

The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,

Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave,

'Tis that ! 'Tis where

They lie—the men who placed it there,

That marks the frontier line.”

[*By kind permission of*

Sir A. Conan Doyle.]

A NOTE FOR TEACHERS.

Teachers will find it inexpedient to begin with the complete study of the first book, which contains difficult selections from Shakespeare and Milton. The most suitable arrangement would be to begin with the second book and to proceed to the third, leaving the first to the end. For the convenience of teachers the poems of each book have been grouped below in order of difficulty. The following arrangement may serve as a guide to the selection of suitable material for young students:—

Easy.	Moderately Difficult.	Difficult.
Book I.—2, 5, 7, 17, 19, 25, 26, 27, 28, 34.	6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 29, 30.	1, 3, 4, 9, 11, 13, 31, 32, 33.
Book II.—38, 39, 41, 44, 45, 49, 51,● 52, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 61, 63, 65, 69.	42, 43, 46, 47, 48, 50, 53, 60, 64, 66, 67, 68.	35, 36, 37, 40, 57, 62.
Book III.—70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 79, 82, 83, 91, 94, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 114, 115, 121, 122, 127, 136, 138.	75, 77, 80, 85, 86, 88, 89, 102, 104, 112, 113, 116, 119, 120, 123, 124, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 137, 139, 143, 145, 146, 147, 150, 151.	71, 73, 81, 84, 87, 90, 92, 93, 95, 96, 111, 117, 118, 125, 126, 140, 141, 142, 144, 148, 149.

So far as the order of study is concerned, teachers must be left to their own methods of selection: but it will be found that the easy poems of the second book are easier than all others and are most suitable

for beginners. At the outset it is inadvisable to present beginners with the difficulties of prosody: some knowledge of the laws of verse is absolutely essential to the teacher, who must be able to instruct his pupils how to read verse with correct emphasis and expression. For this reason some hints on this subject are now given.

In these selections the chief metrical forms are blank verse, and the heroic couplet. The first is used nearly always in dramatic work. It was the verse of Shakespeare and of Milton; it was common in the time of Cowper and Wordsworth, and it was used by Tennyson. The second was brought to perfection by Dryden and Pope, and has been used repeatedly from their day to this. Both forms are the most popular measures of English poetry and should be clearly understood.

Blank Verse: this consists of unrhymed five-measured lines running freely into each other. One typical illustration may be found in one of the selections from "Paradise Lost":—

Now came still evening on and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

If these verses be read repeatedly and slowly with a reasonable pause at the end of each line, it will be admitted that the accents fall regularly at equal intervals in the way now shown:—

Now cáme | still éve | ning ón | and twí | light gráy |
Hád in her sóber lívery ál | l things clád;
Sí | lence accó | mpaniéd; for béast and bírd,
Théy to their grá | ssy cóuch, thése to their nésts
Were slúnk, all bú | t the wákeful níghtingá | le;
She ál | night lóng | her ám | orous dé | scant sún | g

Four things may be deduced from the above:—

(1) That each line contains *five* measures, or beats or feet, and in this respect is regular. It is a five-measured or *pentameter* line.

(2) That each measure, or beat or foot, has *usually* two syllables, the accent or stress being on the last. This is a case of rising rhythm. The single foot is called an iambus.

(3) Occasionally, as in the second, third, and fourth lines, there are feet of one syllable followed by a foot of three syllables: but the time length occupied in pronouncing these feet is the same.

(4) The sentence is not necessarily completed in one or two lines but is carried on as the sense demands.

All these features will be found in poems so far apart in time as Shakespeare's "Hamlet" (13) or Cowper's "Task" (62). An exercise of value to the student may be arranged by writing out in ordinary, continuous prose form any passage of blank verse; and, after carefully reading it with correct accentuation, by attempting to rewrite it in metrical form. It is not easy for beginners, especially for those whose mother tongue is not English, to realise the difference between prose and blank verse. The difficulty lies partly in the fact that the learner does not understand the natural accentuation of English words. For example, in the following words the stress or accent falls upon the second syllable: perhaps, reject, demand, refuse; while in these others the accent is upon the first syllable; semblance, manhood, tiresome. There

are of course more difficult examples in the case of words of more than two syllables. Careful analysis of each passage, and continued practice in reading aloud under careful supervision, will enable the learner to discover the beauty of a system of versification that contains the very cream of English poetry.

The Heroic Couplet: this consists of pentameter lines rhyming in pairs. The name "Heroic Couplet" was derived from the fact that this measure was used in the Heroic or narrative poetry of Dryden's time and by the latter also in the Heroic Drama, as in "Aurengzeb." It was supposed to be the measure best suited to "heroic" poems telling of heroes and great deeds in bright and stirring verse. It was the favourite metre of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A typical illustration of rhyming couplets may be found in Pope's translation from Homer:—

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light.

If the tests given above for blank verse be applied in this case, the lines will be seen to be five measured. Each pair of lines end with rhyming words, and the sentence is confined within the limits of the couplet. Greater liberty in this matter was taken by poets after Pope's death, but as a rule the rhyming couplet is constructed with the sense completed; and the effect is one of point, vigour, and brilliance. It is a measure specially

adapted to satire and epigram. Typical couplets are :—

- (1) A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome. —DRYDEN
- (2) Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest. —POPE.
- (3) He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale. —JOHNSON.

Useful exercises in this metre may be arranged by requiring pupils to reduce the lines from five to four measures, that is to create from pentameter lines tetrameter lines, or from the latter pentameter lines. An excellent example of tetrameter lines may be found in Addison's poem "The Spacious Firmament" (45).

By far the commonest type of foot in English verse is the *iambus* of two syllables, the last being accented. A three-syllabled foot with two short and one long accent is called an *anapæst*. One excellent example of anapæstic metre is in Lord Byron's poem, "The Destruction of Sennacherib" (86). Having grasped the principle of accentuation and the meaning of the foot or measure, it is not difficult to analyse any verse form. The beginner should be warned against the difficulty of the stanza. There is really no difficulty in this matter, as the stanza is an arrangement of lines that adhere to the principles noted above. A stanza would be fully defined as a division of a poem showing every variety of metre in the poem. For example, William Habington's poem (24), has eleven stanzas composed as follows :—

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere :
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

And Robert Herrick's poem to blossoms (27) has two stanzas as follows:—

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not yet past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

There is only an apparent complexity here. Both are composed entirely of iambic feet in lines of varying length. The first poem has lines of three, two, and four feet in succession. The second has lines of four, three, three, four, three, and two feet in succession. The rhymes in both cases occur at the poet's whim. Certain stanzas in English metre have become fixed in form. The chief of these are the eight and the seven-lined stanza with a definite number of feet in each line and a definite arrangement of rhymes. One other famous system is the Spenserian stanza, created by the Elizabethan poet Spenser and used by Byron in his "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*" (87). This is an arrangement of eight pentameter lines ending with a ninth line of six feet.

The Sonnet is a popular form in English verse. It is a poem in itself; and is composed of fourteen pentameter lines rhyming on a given scheme. It must deal with a single subject. This form was introduced into England from Italy in the sixteenth century. Examples are the two Sonnets of Milton (29, 30) and that of Wordsworth (75).

In the study of poetry the art of correct reading is essential. To this end it is necessary to acquire some rudimentary knowledge of the principles of ordinary versification. The foregoing notes

attempt to give nothing more than this. If a detailed knowledge of prosody is required, it must be sought in some treatise devoted solely to that subject. Finally, the careful committing to memory of selected passages of verse is an acknowledged aid to the study of any language. In the case of English poetry, where there is so much of beauty and interest, such a method will provide not only profit but enduring pleasure.

NOTES ON THE FIRST BOOK.

- (1) **Tamburlaine, or Timur**, is the Oriental adventurer who invaded India about 1400. He was born in 1336 and succeeded to the throne of Samarkhand. His name was known throughout the civilised world as symbolic of restless ambition. Characters of this type pleased the Englishmen of Elizabeth's reign, who loved adventure. At that time the discovery of America had opened up new spheres of action, and stimulated men's imagination. We may read something of the spirit of the Englishmen of the sixteenth century in Marlowe's line:—

“And shall I die and this unconquered”.

The new world of America was to the adventurous English what the lands of central Asia and India had been to the ambitious Tamburlaine. Timur died on one of his campaigns in 1405.

Terrene : that which pertains to the earth. The reference is to the Mediterranean Sea which could be joined by a canal with the Red Sea : an anticipation of the Suez Canal.

- (2) **pard** : the leopard.
pantaloön : an old man or dotard.
saw : a saying or a proverb.
sans : without.
- (3) **Thorough** : an older form of *through*.
Philomel : the nightingale.
- (4) **Henry V.** : one of England's great soldier-kings. He reigned from 1413-1422; and invaded France in 1415. He first took Harfleur and then defeated the French at Agincourt, one of the greatest battles in the history of Europe.
yeoman : a soldier of middle rank, a small farmer.
mettle : quality or spirit : to be on one's mettle.
Saint George : the patron saint of England
- (5) **Dirge** : a funeral song or hymn.
exorciser : one who has power to call forth or drive away evil spirits.
- (6) **rub** : the difficulty, the trouble.
mortal coil : the trouble of human life.
bodkin : a small dagger.
quietus : ending, final peace or quiet.
fardel : a pack or burden.

- (7) **Mars** : the Roman god of war.
Eden : paradise, the garden in which Adam and Eve lived.
- (8) **Westminster Abbey** : the historic church of London in which famous men of the nation are buried.
first man : the reference is to Adam whose disobedience to his Creator's command made him subject to death. This is part of Milton's theme in "Paradise Lost."
- (9) **swain** : a young man.
Hesperus : the evening star.
- (10) **common people of the skies** : the lesser stars outshone by the moon's light.
- (11) **Cynthia or Diana** : the moon.
- (12) **Jove's nectar** : the drink of the Roman god Jove or Jupiter, the wine of the gods.
- (13) **Ethiop** : Ethiopian, a name given to the negro races of Africa.
- (14) **Horace** : The Roman poet whose Sabine farm, or place of retirement, is famous in literature.
- (15) Nos. 29 and 30. Both Sonnets of Milton explain his attitude to his art. The first laments that at the age of twenty-three he had produced no work of promise. He states that he is content to wait the maturity and fruition of his powers under the will of Heaven.
 The second laments his blindness and the evil effect this had on his literary work. But he states that he is resigned to the will of God. It should be remembered that in his old age and blindness Milton composed some of his finest poetry.
- (16) **descant** : here the word means simply a song.
- (17) **gazed** : here this means *gazed at*.
- (18) No. 33. This passage, taken from the second epic of Milton, the "Paradise Regained," gives a fine imaginative picture of ancient warfare drawn by one of the greatest scholars and poets of his age. It illustrates one feature, Milton's fondness for and skill in using proper names in blank verse in such a way as to produce musical and sonorous effects. Indian students of history will recognise the descriptions of central Asia.
- Parthians** : this people originated in the country south-east of the Caspian Sea. They became an extensive and powerful race holding nearly the whole of central Asia and resisting even the Romans. They were renowned archers and horsemen.
- Scythian** : one coming from central Asia, an inhabitant of the country north and east of the Black Sea.

Ctesiphon : a town on the left bank of the Tigris below Bagdad.

Sogdiana : part of the Greek kingdom of Bactria ; it corresponds to what are now known as Samarkhand and Bokhara. It was the farthest Parthian province to the north-east. This country was occupied by the Scythians about 150 B.C.

rhombs, etc. : ancient terms describing military formations.

Arachosia : Afghanistan.

Candaor : Kandahar.

Margiana : a province bordering on Sogdiana.

Hyrcania : the land south of the Caspian having the river Oxus as its eastern boundary.

Caucasus : the land between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

Iberia : a province north of Armenia.

Atropatia : a portion of Media.

Adiabene : a portion of Assyria.

Media : the country of the Medes, the land to the north-west of Iran, extending towards the Caspian.

Susiana : a Persian province known in the Bible as Elam with its capital Shushan or Susa.

Balsara : the modern Basra.

<p>Albracca : Agrican : Gallaphrone :</p>	{	<p>These terms are borrowed from an Italian romance which tells how Agrican, the ruler of Tartary, besieged the city of Albracca belonging to King Gallaphrone, whose daughter Angelica was renowned for her beauty.</p>
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Charlemain : Charles the Great (742-814), the representative Christian king and warrior of the Middle Ages. The head of the Holy Roman Empire. The word Paynim or Pagan is used to describe the non-Christian forces, as opposed to the Christian.

NOTES ON THE SECOND BOOK.

- (1) and (2) These two extracts are taken from the famous satire "Absalom and Achitophel." The names in the poem are derived from Biblical history, Absalom being the son of the Jewish King David. In the poem the latter represents King Charles II. ; and Absalom represents his son, the Duke of Monmouth. It is said that Dryden received the hint to write this poem, with the Biblical characters representing the prominent people of his day, from the king himself. Achitophel represents the Earl of Shaftesbury. Gath indicates Brussels, long the place of residence of King Charles in exile. The Jordan is a river in Palestine. Here "Jordan's sand" refers simply to the English coast.

Moses was the leader of the Jews from their captivity in Egypt; and the "cloudy pillar" and "guardian fire" refer to the Biblical legend that the Jews were guided in their journey across Arabia from Egypt by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The Duke of Monmouth, who never came to the English throne, was very popular with the people.

- (3) The passage is taken from the play "Aurengzeb or the Great Mogul," which was founded upon the memoirs of Dr. Francois Bernier, long a physician at the court of the Delhi Emperors. The passage is of course spoken dramatically by one of the characters of the play, and must not be taken as representing Dryden's own view of life.

- (4) The poets referred to are the Greek Homer, the Roman Virgil, and the English Milton.

- (5) Riot here means feast or banquet.

- (6) This is an admirable example of bitter satiric verse.

Turk: the reference is to the Oriental habit of killing dangerous rivals to the throne.

Cato: a Roman statesman and reformer (95-46 B.C.), the subject of a drama by Addison.

Templars: literary members of the Temple, London, law students.

Atticus: the Latinised form of Addison's name.

- (7) **Homer:** the Greek Epic poet.

Ilion: Troy, the city captured by the Greeks.

Xanthus: there was a city of this name in Asia Minor situated on the river Xanthus.

umbered: shaded or darkened.

- (8) **Blenheim:** here was fought in 1704 one of the fiercest battles ever gained by England on the continent of Europe. The Duke of Marlborough completely defeated the French and drove them from Bavaria.

Marlborough: John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, soldier and statesman of the reign of Queen Anne. He is one of the great generals of history. Addison's brilliant reference to him in this poem, "The Campaign," brought him instant recognition.

- (9) No. 48. These lines have been described as the finest heroic couplets in the English language. They are certainly inspired by genuine feeling, and should be known to every student of English literature.

The Earl of Warwick, to whom the poem is addressed, was one of the leading noblemen of his day. Addison was related to his family by marriage. Thomas Tickell was a devoted admirer and disciple of Addison.

Muse: the nine goddesses of the arts of poetry, music, etc., were known as Muses.

mansions of the dead: the reference is to Westminster Abbey where the honoured of the nation were buried.

Montagu : Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax (1661-1715), a patron of literary men.

Michael : } the reference is to the Epic subject of "Paradise
Dragon : } Lost" which relates Satan's fall from Heaven
 and his defeat at the hands of the Archangel.

cherubim : Heavenly spirits, the word is in the plural form.

Genius : protecting spirit.

Cato : the reference is to Addison's drama, "Cato," produced in 1713.

- (10) This song appeared in 1740. It was part of a masque called "Alfred" which Thomson produced along with Mallet. The song has never ceased to be popular.
- (11) This is one of the best-known and most popular poems in the English language. As Dr. Johnson said, "It abounds with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

curfew : the village bell instituted by the Norman conquerors as an indication that lights and fires had to be put out. The word means literally cover-fire.

boast of heraldry : pride of ancient lineage. Heraldry is the science of recording genealogy. In the Middle Ages it was of great importance.

aisle and fretted vault : the aisle is any division of a church. The word is often used to indicate a passageway in a church. The fretted vault is the carved ceiling in buildings of Gothic fashion.

urn : an urn was a vessel in which the ashes of the dead were placed: hence the word comes to mean simply a grave.

storied : inscribed, with the record of the dead written upon it.

animated bust : a life-like image of the dead: a bust is a sculpture of the head and breast.

Hampden : the reference is to John Hampden, an English landowner, who resisted royal tyranny in the reign of Charles I. and died fighting in the civil war.

Milton : the great Epic poet of England.

Cromwell : the leader of the Parliamentary forces in the civil war, and later Lord Protector of England.

senate : any governing assembly such as Parliament. The word is derived from the Latin *senex*, an old man.

- (12) **vocal vale** : valley made musical by the call of the cuckoo.
- (13) **Wolsey** : Thomas Wolsey, churchman and statesman in the reign of Henry VIII. (1509-1547). He rose from humble origin to the rank of Cardinal and to the most powerful position in England. He fell into disfavour with his royal master and died in disgrace. His fall has been regarded as an example and a warning by poets and philosophers. Shakespeare referred to his career in certain famous lines.

Charles XII.: King of Sweden (1682-1718), a great and daring soldier. His march through Russia to the fortress of Pultowa is one of the greatest of military achievements. Here he was utterly defeated by the Russian armies. In 1718 he was shot by an unknown soldier (hence the phrase, *dubious hand*) when besieging the fortress of Fredriksten.

Both the extracts above are continually quoted as examples of dignified and philosophic verse: they show Dr. Johnson at his best as a poet.

- (14) Dr. Robert Levett was a poor physician whom Dr. Johnson befriended in London. These lines are famous as an expression of genuine and simple sorrow.

- (15) **Islington:** a northern part of London. In the seventeenth century this district was a favourite place of resort for the towns-people (21).

- (16) **Auburn:** by this name Goldsmith represents his native village in Ireland. He lamented the decay of village and rural life.

cipher: to count as in arithmetic.

gauge: to measure generally, to measure the liquid contents of casks.

- (17) **Boadicea:** the Queen who led the British tribes in insurrection against the Romans in A.D. 61. She had been flogged by the Romans, but took a terrible revenge in the massacre of nearly 70,000 of them. She committed suicide after her defeat by Suetonius. In this detail the poet is inaccurate.

Druid: a Celtic priest and poet.

Gaul: the Gauls were the original inhabitants of France: the reference is to the barbarian tribes of Europe who revolted and attacked Rome.

Other Romans: the reference is to the poets of Italy and to those who, after corrupt Rome had fallen, carried on her best traditions in Europe.

Regions Cæsar never knew: here the poet refers to the British Empire of our own time. Cowper lived to see British authority established in Canada and India.

- (18) No. 62. This is one of Cowper's descriptions of country life in his blank verse poem, the "Task." The last lines are famous as descriptive of evening in any English home.

swains and nymphs: an example of "poetic diction," young men and young women.

Is India free: the reference is to the history of India at the time of Warren Hastings. When the latter resigned his post and left India (1785) the "Task" was published.

- (19) **"Royal George":** one of the battleships of the Royal Navy. This vessel sank in harbour and Admiral

Kempenfelt, then on board, was drowned. He was a brilliant sailor and had distinguished himself in action. In 1782 his flag-ship, the "Royal George," was being repaired at Portsmouth in order to go to Gibraltar, then under siege. At that time the disaster happened.

- (20) **Alexander Selkirk** : a Scotsman born in 1676. He ran away to sea and in 1704 his vessel reached the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile in South America. Here he left his vessel and remained alone for four years and four months. He was then rescued and returned to Europe. He died in 1721. He is the original of Robinson Crusoe.

- (21) No. 67. This poem owed its first popularity to the fact that it was recited in public in London. It is the type of careless merry verse that Cowper excelled in.

train-band captain : an officer of volunteers.

eke : also.

Edmonton : a district of London. It is famous as having been the place of residence of Charles Lamb and of Cowper and Keats. "The Bell" was an inn.

after we : the grammar is intentionally wrong to suit the rhyme and to add to the comic effect.

calender : properly *Calendr*, one who dresses cloth.

Cheapside : a district of London, the word literally means market-place.

turnpike : the gates barring the roads at certain stages until toll was paid by travellers.

highwaymen : robbers who frequented public roads.

NOTES ON THE THIRD BOOK.

- (1) **showers of manna** : the reference is to the food miraculously provided for the Jews on their journey through the desert from Egypt. Manna means a gift.
- (2) **twofold shout** : the two-syllabled sound produced in the note of the cuckoo whose name is simply a reproduction of that sound.
- (3) **Hebrides** : islands off the north-west coast of Scotland.
- (4) **Helvellyn** : one of the chief mountains in the Lake District of England.
- (5) **Kubla Khan** : the founder of the Mongol power in China. He was born in 1216 and died in 1294. His magnificence and extravagance were notorious ; and accounts of his reign reached as far west as Europe. This poem has no foundation in fact. It is unfinished, and is based upon pure fancy of a dreamlike kind.
- (6) **Waterloo** : in this battle (1815) the English under Wellington totally defeated the French under Napoleon. It is one of the great victories of history.

- (7) **Border** : this was the country on each side of the border between England and Scotland. It was famous for its warlike families, and has a ballad literature of much romantic interest.

galliard : a dance for two people.

- (8) **Sennacherib** : this Assyrian monarch in 701 B.C. conducted a campaign against Hezekiah, King of Judah. The latter's capital, Jerusalem, was besieged ; but a plague fell on the Assyrians and compelled them to withdraw.

Gallilee : a lake in Palestine famous in New Testament history.

Ashur : the old capital of Assyria.

Baal : the Assyrian chief god.

Gentile : a name applied to people not of Jewish birth.

- (9) **Armada** : the great fleet prepared by Spain against England. It was defeated in 1588 by the English fleet and afterwards almost entirely destroyed by storms.

Trafalgar : the English victory at Cape Trafalgar, off the south-west Spanish coast in 1805, completely ruined the navies of France and Spain and upset the plans of Napoleon.

Assyria : see (8) above.

Greece : the Greek Empire reached its height about 600 B.C. Its literature and art have greatly influenced the thought of Western Europe.

Rome : the Roman Empire reached its height about 100 B.C. Roman law has greatly influenced the West ; and the literature of Rome has been a model for all modern writers.

Carthage : a great African city founded by the Phœnicians. The Carthaginians were most powerful about 265 B.C. when they fought Rome.

Greece in modern times has fallen to the position of a petty kingdom. Lord Byron tried to assist the Greeks in their war with Turkey in the early part of the nineteenth century, and died in Greece. His verse has frequent reference to the glorious past of a land once the leader of the intellectual and military life of the ancient world.

- (10) **Thermopylae** : the pass in which the Greek leader Leonidas held back the whole of the invading Persian army—480 B.C.

Salamis : where the great naval victory over the Persians was won in the same year.

- (11) **Gladiator** : the trained fighters of the Roman arena. These men were often brought from the rude tribes of central Europe, conquered by the Romans, and compelled to fight to amuse the populace of Rome.

Goths : the wild northern tribes who came down upon Italy and attacked their Roman conquerors.

- (12) **Bonnivard** : François Bonnivard (1493-1570), a scholar and churchman, imprisoned for political reasons in the castle of Chillon on the Lake of Geneva.
- (13) **Sir John Moore** : a famous British general who led his army across Spain to Corunna on the west coast. Here he defeated the French in 1809 but was killed in action.
- (14) **Ava** : the old capital of Burma.
- (15) **Circassia** : the north-west portion of the Caucasus.
- (16) **Blake** : one of the greatest of England's admirals. He defeated the Spaniards severely at Santa Cruz in 1657, and died on his return journey to England.
- Nelson** : the greatest admiral in the world's history. He completely destroyed the navies of Spain and France, and was killed in his final victory at Trafalgar in 1805.
- (17) **Elsinore** : a Danish seaport town. The battle of the Baltic was fought in 1801 to destroy the Danish fleet. The Danes had conspired against England to assist France under Napoleon.
- (18) **Hohenlinden** : this battle was fought in 1800 when the French defeated the Austrians. The Iser is a river in Bavaria, the chief city of which is Munich, famous for its art collections. Frank and Hun refer to the French and Austrian troops respectively.
- (19) **Casablanca** : Louis de Casabianca (1752-1798) commanded the French flag-ship *Orient* at the battle of the Nile. Rather than surrender he blew up his ship. His little son, ten years of age, in whose honour this poem has been written, perished along with his father.
- (20) **Canute** : a Danish King of England (1016-1035): he was a just and wise ruler, and his character is well illustrated in the poem.
- The Persian** : the reference is to Xerxes who bridged the Hellespont to allow his army to cross from Asia to Europe (see note 10). The bridge was swept away by a storm, and the foolish king ordered lashes to be given to the water and chains to be thrown into the sea.
- (21) **mummy** : a dead body preserved by embalming. This was an Egyptian custom.
- Thebes** : the capital city of upper Egypt. The city of the hundred gates.
- Memnonium** : a great statue near Thebes: Memnon was connected with sun worship. This statue was said to give forth music at dawn.
- Sphinx** : the great figure with an animal's body and a human head that faces east in the neighbourhood of the pyramids.
- Cheops** : the king who built the larger pyramid. This monument was reared by oppression, the Egyptians being compelled to work upon it as slaves.

Cephren : the brother of Cheops : he built the second pyramid.

Pyramid : an erection with a many-sided base and triangular sides meeting in an apex. This is the shape of the monumental buildings of Egypt, erected as tombs of the Kings.

Pompey : the rival of Cæsar. He visited Egypt.

Pillar : this monument is at Alexandria. It is said to have been erected not in honour of Pompey, but Diocletian.

Homer : the Greek Epic poet : "or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat"—this is a comic reference to the modern custom of dropping coins in the hats of street singers.

Pharaoh : King of Egypt.

Queen Dido : a queen of Carthage mentioned by Virgil in his Epic poem the "*Æneid*."

Solomon : King of Israel, famed for his wisdom and splendour. The Temple is the holy Jewish temple at Jerusalem destroyed by the Romans.

Romulus and Remus : the legendary founders of the city of Rome.

Cambyses : the son of the Persian Cyrus and conqueror of Egypt.

Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis : Egyptian deities.

- (22) **Pan** : the Greek God of pastures and woods, described as fond of music, and represented as having the hoofs of a goat.

The meaning of this poem is not simple. The idea is that the poet is made by suffering, as the reed is torn from its bed and cut into shape to become a musical instrument.

- (23) **Jacobite** : the word is derived from the Latin *Jacobus* or James : and the Jacobites were the followers of the son and grandson of James II. of England. They suffered much and spent most of their lives in exile.

Arno : a river in Italy, the river of Florence.

Tees : a river in England.

Scargill : a wooded valley on the right bank of the river Tees. Here the poet contrasts Italian and English scenery.

- (24) **Goths, Vandals, Huns** : these are the names of barbarian tribes, who escaped the influence of the Roman discipline. The word Hun is synonymous with barbarity. It is, of course, applied to the modern German.

- (25) **Niger** : a great river in Africa.

Caffre : An African negro tribe.

The poem describes a negro chief dying in America as a slave. In his dreams he recollects the African life described in the poem.

- (26) **Satrapy** : a satrap was a Persian viceroy or ruler of a province.
- (27) **Bufs** : *buff* is a light yellow colour. It was used in the facings of the coats of certain British regiments who thus received the nickname of Bufs.
- Elgin** : Lord Elgin, British envoy to China and Viceroy of India.
- Kentish** : Kent is an English county famous for its hops.
- (28) **" Birkenhead "** : the name of a transport vessel sunk off the African coast.
- (29) **Solomon** : one of the greatest of the Jewish monarchs : the son of King David. He reigned about 1000 B.C.
- Talmud** : sacred Jewish scriptures.
- Sheba** : an African queen who visited Solomon's court. The visit is brilliantly described in the Bible.
- (30) **Merman** : a sea creature of legend, half human, half-fish.
- Easter** : the Christian festival commemorating the death and resurrection of Christ
- Margaret** : an English personal name. The word literally means a pearl.
- The poem is a beautiful lyric describing the lament of a Merman for his human wife who had forsaken him. The latter heard the call of the church bell and feeling drawn to her own people, left the folk of the sea.
- (31) **Ratisbon** : a German city of Bavaria.
- Napoleon** : Emperor of the French and the greatest soldier of Europe. He was defeated by the English at Waterloo in 1815,
- flag-bird** : the French Eagle : the reference is to the flapping of the flag on which was designed an eagle.
- (32) **Light Brigade** : the poem describes an incident in the battle of Balaclava in the Crimean War. The cavalry charge was the result of a mistaken order.
- Cossack** : Russian light cavalryman.
- (33) **Thor and Odin** : Pagan gods of northern Europe before the introduction of Christianity.
- (34) **Queen Victoria** : the great Queen-Empress in whose reign Tennyson, the poet, lived. The words, " mother, wife, and queen " sum up her private and public life.
- The second verse refers to the poet Wordsworth, " him that utter'd nothing base," who preceded Tennyson in the office of poet-laureate.
- (35) **Order of Valour** : this refers to the Victoria Cross, an award for valour instituted in the Crimean War of 1854—and now frequently given to Indian as well as British soldiers.
- (36) **Cæsar** : Emperor of Rome ; the name Augustus was a title of honour given first to Julius Cæsar and afterwards used by all the Roman Emperors. The Cæsar here referred to by the poet was Cæsar Octavianus

- (63 B.C.-A.D. 14) who defeated Antony in the naval battle of Actium (31 B.C.), thus subduing the whole of Egypt and upsetting the plans of Queen Cleopatra.
- "threes"**: this is the number of the shoe indicating the size of the foot. "Threes" would mean a pair of shoes of the size three and so a small and neat pair.
- Sais**: an ancient Egyptian city in the Nile Delta.
- On**: one of the oldest cities of Egypt, known better as Heliopolis, a centre of sun worship.
- Memphis**: the capital city of Egypt in its earlier history.
- Thebes**: see note (21).
- Pelusium**: an ancient seaport at the eastern mouth of the Nile.
- Amenti**: the world after death in the Egyptian religion.
- Horus**: an Egyptian god.
- Pasht**: the cat-god of Egypt
- Isis**: } see note (21).
- Osiris**: }
- Ptolemy**: the Ptolemies were a race of Greek kings who ruled in Egypt.
- Fayoum**: a province of upper Egypt.
- Scarab**: the beetle, sacred to the sun-god.
- trousseau**: wedding garments.
- " Hunt-the-Slipper "**: an English house game.

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